

# WALDEN

*nineteen eighty-eight*





Jennifer Miller

Alison Dea

Kristin Shank  
Phillip S. Jenowitz

Tracy Roney

Jacqui  
Lone

Matesha

Christopher

Stephanie

Wendy B.

Natalia Taberi Fured

LOREN  
ROBINSON

Wendy

Judy Chang

Nichele Markowitz

Amy Williams

Carla  
Lisbon

Martinez

Carol A.



Page-Lewis  
Kin

Sasha Lewis  
Alison Dilling  
William

Chris  
Christopher

Dana Parks

Michele Schwartz  
Sara

Edna

Sarah Hillen  
McDonald

Jennifer Webb  
David Limon

Kristin McVay Carpenter

David Luter

Diane

Stacy Hudson





*lacks center fold*

# THE WALDEN SCHOOL



1 WEST 88TH STREET  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
10024





Randy Ostro↑  
Alison-call-me-Dolly Parton Dee↓



# W A L D E N C A N D I D S '88



Tradeoff: Jenny, Chelsea↑      ↓The Short and the Long: Todd, Simon



↓Studyhall: Câline, Willem







Walden truckers: little kids move h.s. to 89th St.



*drawing: Tashana Anderson*



Above right: Alison romps around  
Below: the DRAMATIS PERSONAE of Jenny

Schwesters: Natasha, Katrina↓

↑Sean Casey









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*Lisa De Ruiter*



# WALDEN: PASTS, PRESENCES, AND FUTURE

by Saahir Lone

In the fall of 1986, at a student sponsored panel discussion on the possibility of change at Walden, the high school coordinator, Richard Marotta, commented on the need for student involvement in the life of the school. At that time, relations between the Student Executive and the Board of Trustees concerning the students' role in Walden's governance were strained. Richard opined, "I think that the only chance to resolve these issues is for us to decide what we want," in a spirit of cooperation, "because we are the Walden of the '80's. To look to the past may help us, but I do think that what we have to decide is: what do we want for ourselves? I think we have to look more to the future than to the past." This may sound platitudinous, but banality can never be too oft repeated.

Nineteen-eighty-six seemed to be the Year of the Crisis. All the fears of a diminished student council mirrored the concerns of a Board whose budget is limited by a withering student population. What was most upsetting, so it seemed, was that the Board and the students worked at cross purposes. The students' requests were serious and merited consideration. With a change in school leadership, the school refocused its priorities, and pulled itself together (it always has). Once more, the school was in the hands of the school, even if the move to 89th Street was, for the high school, one of chaos; however, we all believe that this move will bring about a better school.

Margaret Naumburg, the founder of Walden, once said, "The imperative task of creating a better world for adults was to start by creating one for the children." Miss Naumburg rented a room from the Leete School in 1914 and started the 'experimental' *Children's School*. Miss Naumburg had already studied education in Europe, including London, where she worked with the renowned Maria Montessori. The result of her "school arts movement" approach were apparent; Miss Naumburg's philosophy of education utilized psychotherapy, pedagogic individualization and the creative arts as a means of obtaining academic success and personal satisfaction. They were the means to insure enjoyment during a child's intellectual and affectual development.

Particularly important to Miss Naumburg's theory was her emphasis on the arts, which, at the Children's School, were an integral part of the curriculum. This general artistic orientation included "nature studies." A term was used to describe the study of the environment as part of the school program: *huckleberrying*.

At the time that the school was founded, most educational policies advocated punishment for even minor infractions. Children filed out of classrooms in marching order and they maintained a strict silence in class and in halls. The Children's School shied away from this military drill. Classroom participation and interaction with other children and with their teachers were encouraged; learning became a creative, enjoyable activity.

Sometime afterward, Miss Naumburg relinquished her administrative role; keeping Walden afloat financially was demanding. Margaret Pollitzer then became director. An important change was the renaming of the Children's School to the *Walden School*. This name change reflected concerns of the students and faculty. The students were growing up and no longer were "children" and the name *Walden* also suggested a spirit of critical independence. Walden's first high school class to graduate was that of 1928, and which represented a real achievement. This first graduation helped establish Walden's reputation in the field of secondary education; it proved that new, inventive, progressive and, indeed, controversial approach to pedagogy was possible.

During the nineteen thirties and forties, after Walden moved to 88th Street, broader areas in progressive education were attempted. By mid-century, students, while still in school, were beginning "outreach" style ventures, far different from the "nature-walk" environmental studies.

Students began to immerse themselves in social projects having pedagogical objectives. Such an inter-school movement as Walden-on-Wheels traveled around the country during the Depression in order to learn at first hand what was taking place. A social environment was studied. Students visited coal miners, acquainted themselves with the problems of the poor, of the working classes, and thereby established an even more vigorous, progressive Walden

Joe's intro to student Town Meeting



Central Park from under new 89th St. locale: past to present





tradition. In the sixties, Walden students were involved with the civil rights struggles. In fact, one student, Andrew Goodman, was murdered in 1964 for his civil rights activities.

In the last two decades, for example, the changes in Walden have been so varied that they are almost disconcerting. These changes mirror the extraordinary changes in American society, and indeed, in the world. In the late seventies and through the mid-eighties, Walden seemed to have slipped academically, according to a public perception of the school. Actually, Walden was developing, changing along the lines that the social environment had. Richard Marotta stressed that although changes in Walden may have produced controversy or, were of a controversial nature, these changes are part of Walden's evolution, a part of Walden's attempt to find a creative balance, a "dynamic niche" between Walden and its surroundings.

Sometimes our emergence into the eighties has brought about a wistful look back to the "golden past," when the school "was run by the students." Walden folklore was wont to people the school with such students of the caliber of Andrew Goodman: gracious, courteous, noble young women and men, not given to radical divisions that the school experienced in the beginning of the eighties.

Walden should know that such reflections on an idealized past are but fond generalizations. The human spirit occasionally wanders and loses resolve and has the propensity to overlook the good fortune of its own lot. If we want to understand the difficulties of the recent past, we need to examine ourselves in terms of a past, a present, and as Richard Marotta emphasizes, the future. Maybe Walden hasn't "slipped" at all.

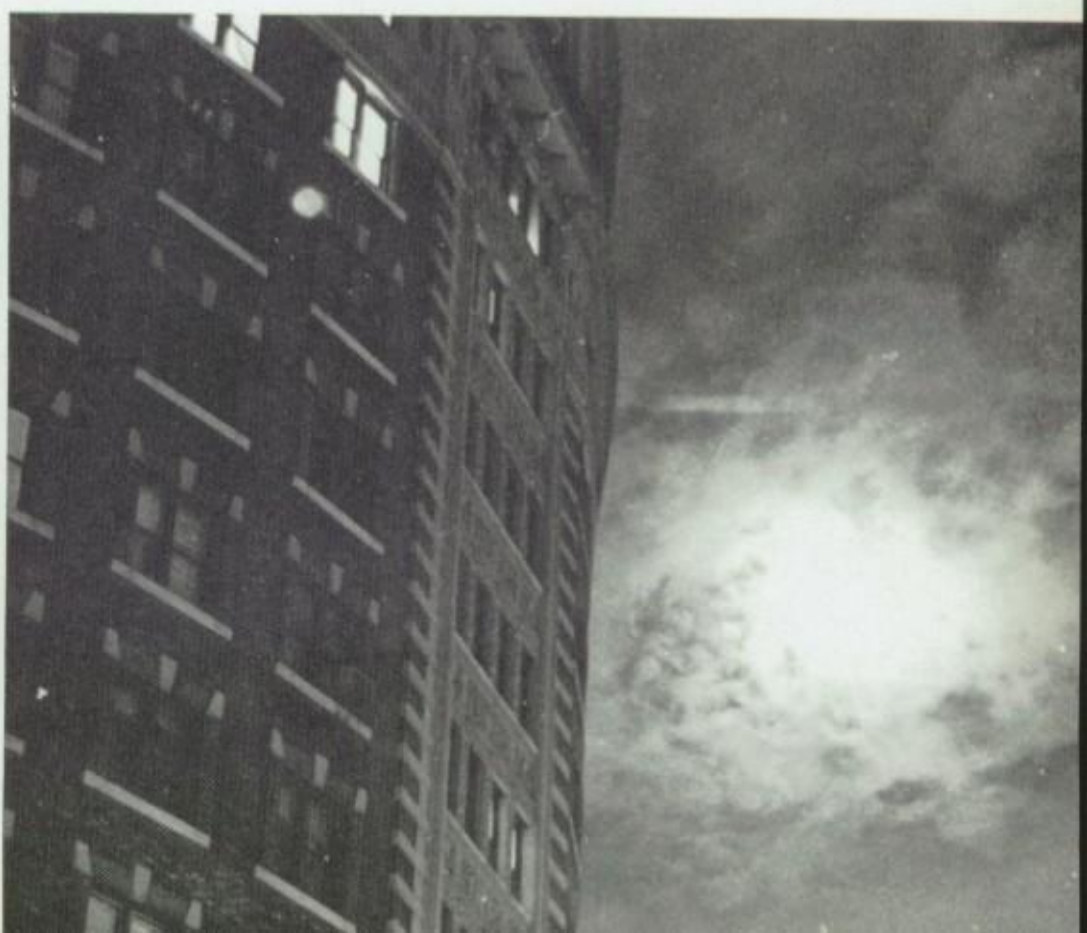
In addition to looking backwards, with such *naïveté*, we students at Walden lose a sense of focus and we don't realize it because of our idealism.

Contemporary Walden tries to remain progressive and be a force for good will in the community. For example, in a recent past, students organized a videotape of the Boston busing riots. They helped organize a trip to Washington to protest the Viet Nam War, and later students also joined in with the great Peace Anti-nuclear March of 1986. Last year, students organized a series of Town Meetings, which Natasha Fried described as, "Democracy at Work." Unity Day assembles grades seven to twelve in an outdoor setting twice a year for a cook out and a sports get-together. Students organized food collections for the homeless and the hungry, for the civilian victims of war in Central America, and students conducted assemblies on apartheid, on the contributions of Black Americans to United States cultural history, and on the Navajo Indians. And to be sure that we remember our philosophical roots, we observe a Thoreau Day in December. Richard Marotta has said that, "Thoreau's ideas about the individual and society have always been a part of Walden's 'ethos'."

Curriculum has changed in response to contemporary general educational needs: more math, more science, more writing skills, and more computer skills. Without being more competitive, academic studies have been more demanding. Despite the difficulties of the last few years, Walden still has some strengths to celebrate. Last year some 3,500 alumni contacted the school through a program run by former development officer Sheila Wood. With the move to 89th Street, academic "perestroika" may see the high school convert to a modular studies schedule. As Richard explained, "Walden will always continue the process of auto-critique, to evaluate, and to create and recreate itself." Hard times are impossible to avoid, but with solid experiences of the past to learn from, Walden will struggle to find itself by looking toward the future.

Presences: Chris Burns, Natasha Page-Levin

Moonscape: in the vicinity of Columbia University







↑DAN



↑ALISON



↑WILLIAM

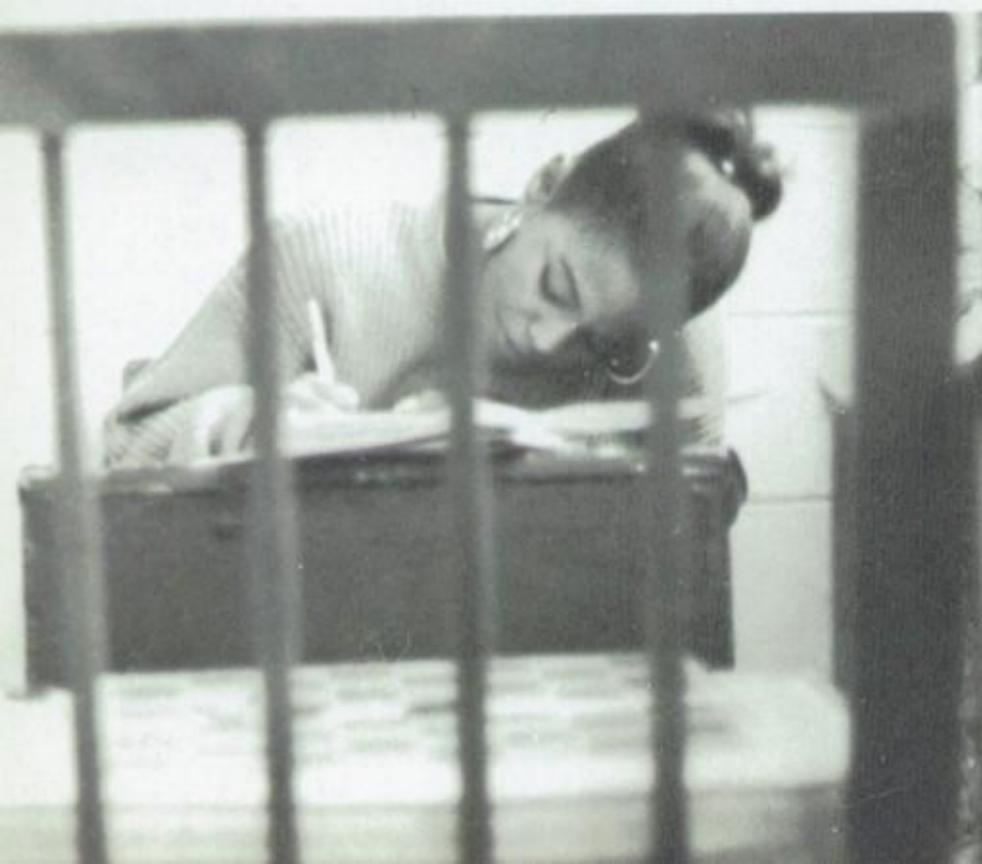
LAJUANA↓

NATASHA↓

NIKKI↓



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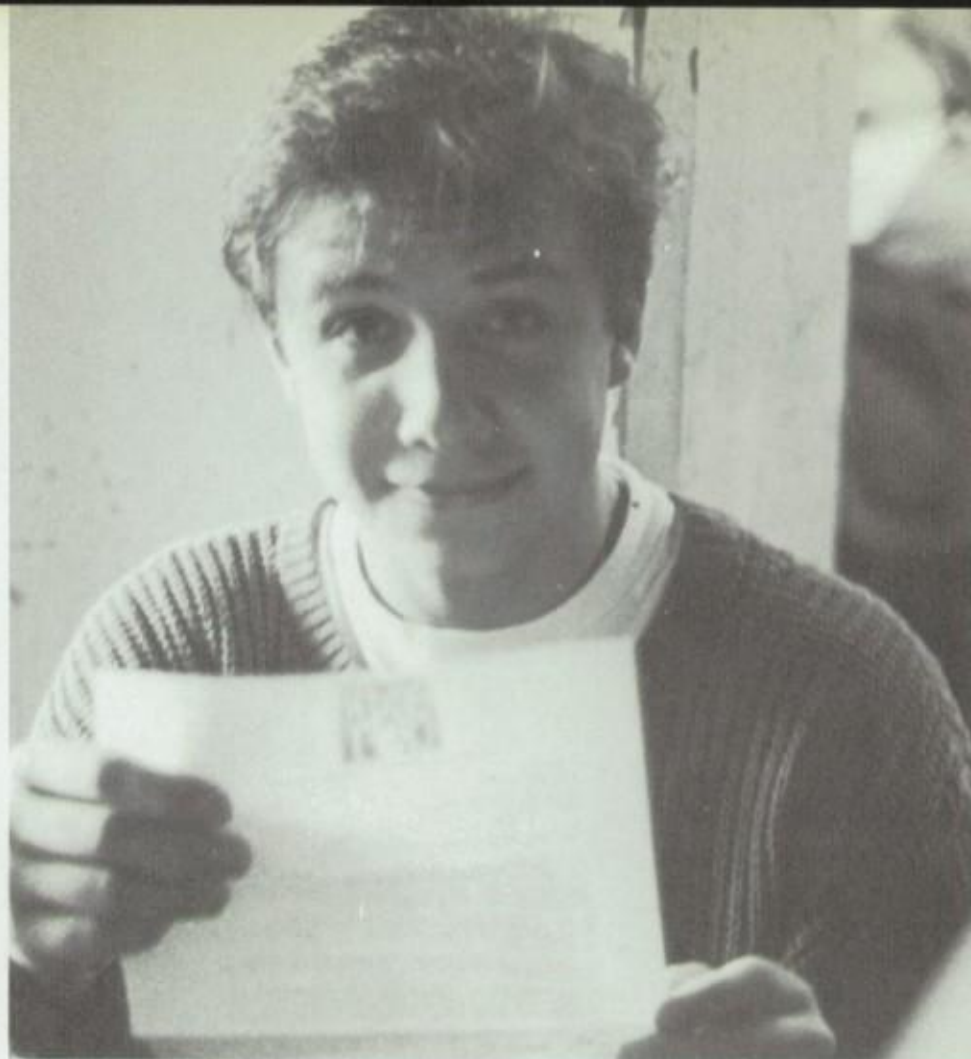






↓LORI

TED AND JENNIFER↑



SASCHA↑

↓INGRID



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↑English teacher Marty Sternstein and Kirstin Shank



↑Donald Steckler



↑Math teacher Bob Roseen and Erik Asness  
History teacher Don and William Ken↓

# STUDENTS & TEACHERS



↓ Marty and Todd Rones







↑Photography teacher Richard Beenen and Alison Dee↑



↑Dance teacher Bonnie Brown and Kristin Carpenter↑

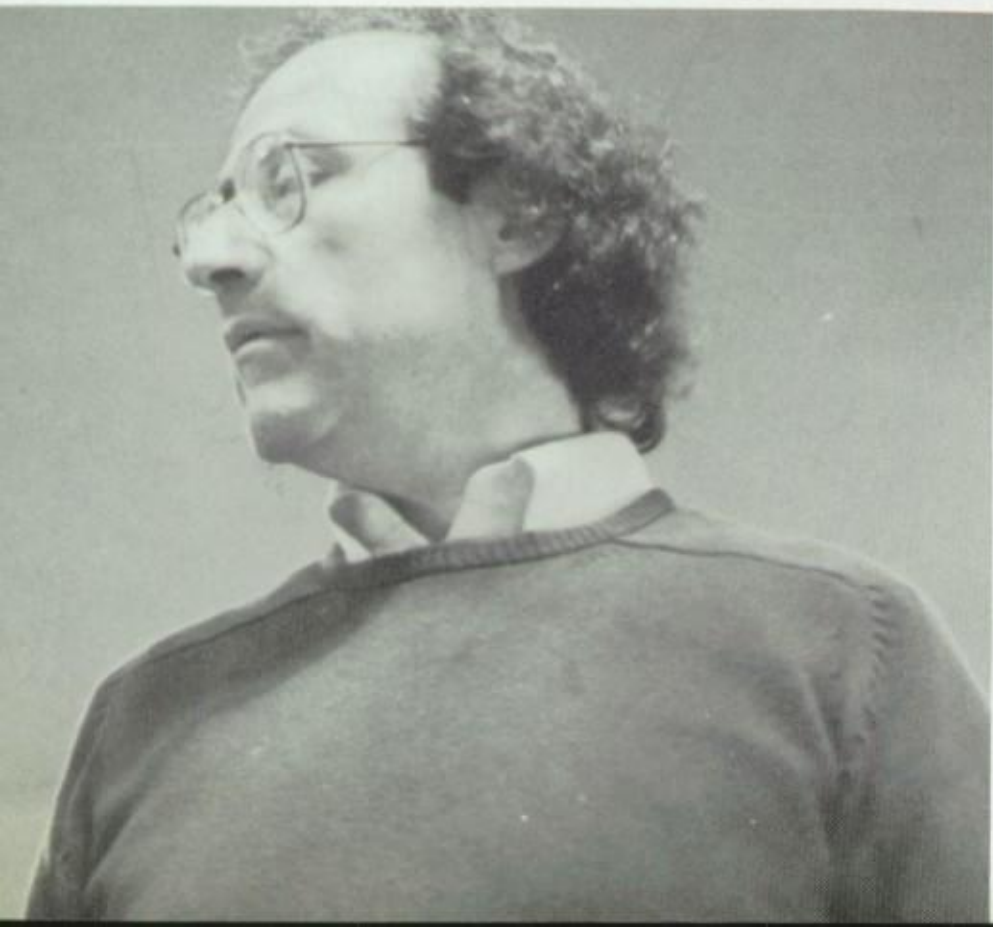


↑French teacher Renee Pritchard and Kirstin Shank↑

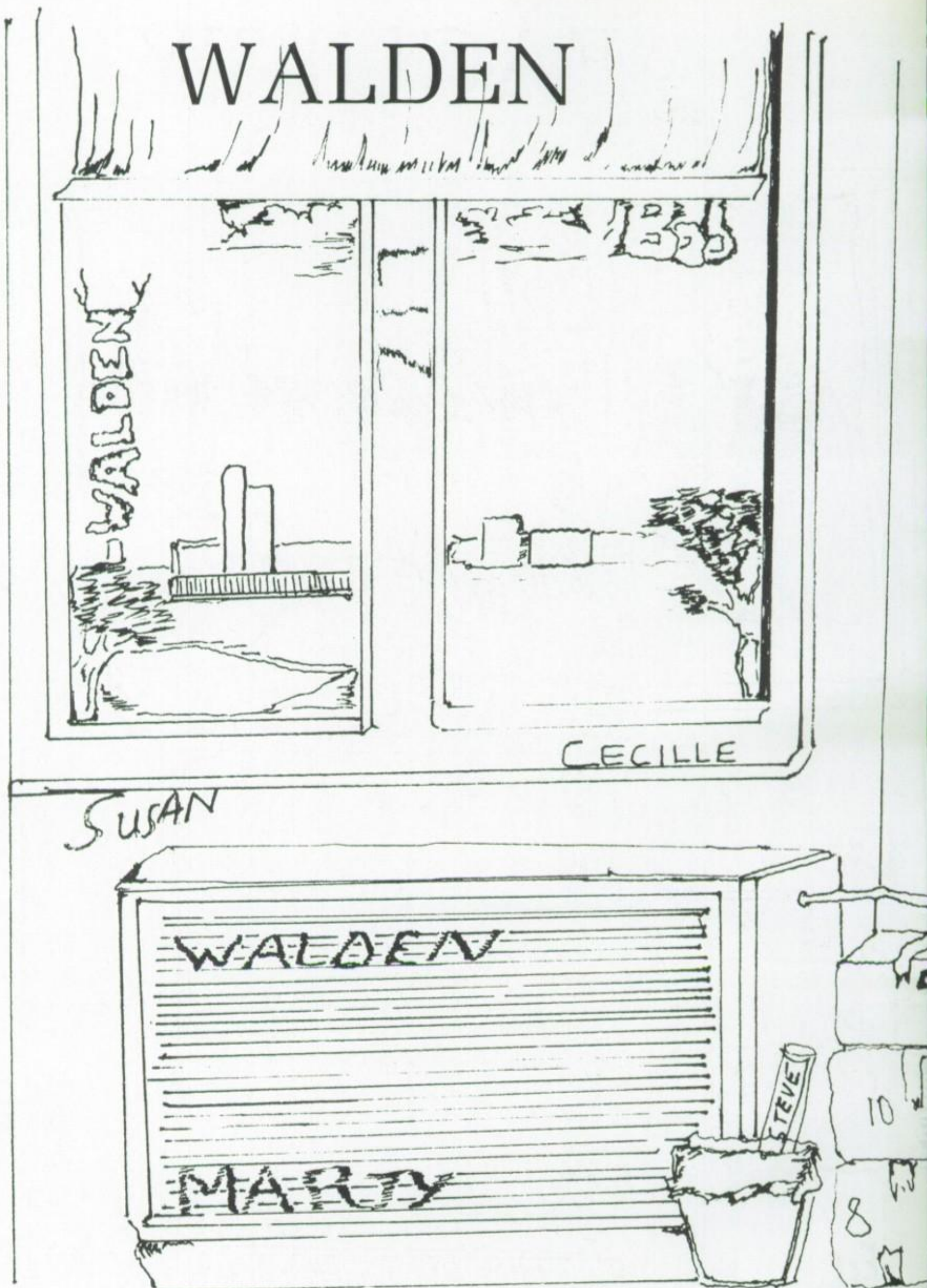


↑Richard, Marty, and Hector.

Richard Marotta↓







Drawing: Saahir Lone

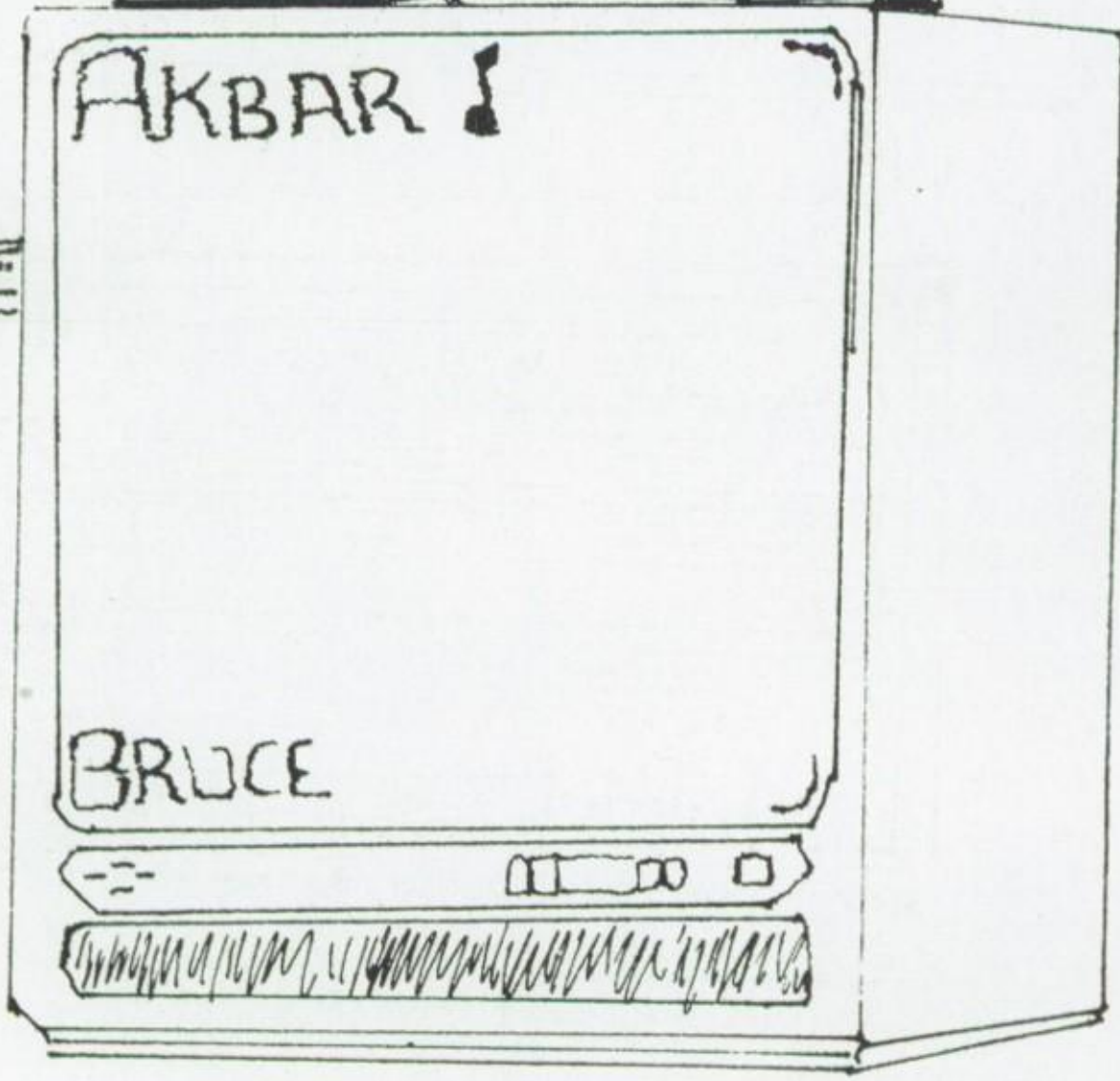
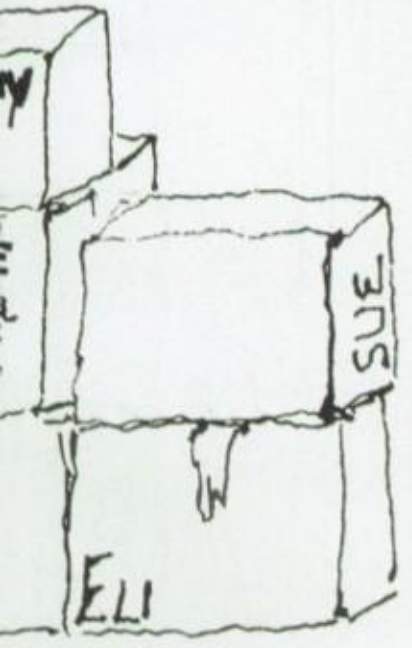


RICHARD

# FACULTY



DOV







Top row, from left to right: Stephen Ettinger, Jo Franzen, Raymond Godshall, Renée Pritchard, Lois Hilton, Robert Roseen, Bruce Caro, Martha Cox, Kate Ford, Evelyn McClain, Victoria Cayuela.

Second row from top: Shelley Bock, Mary Cleary-Mahabir, Yael Septee, Karen DiIorio, Elliott Robertson, Sue Sortino, Ann Schaumburger, Margot Hammond, Penny Morell, Ginnie Duescher, Cecille Little, Graciela Garcia-Marruz.





Second row from front, left to right: Barbara Zinkant, Sheila Wood, Arlene Greenberg, Susan Mellon, Rona Kurtz, Penella Barker, Daniel Gerstein, Cheryl Egan, Kate Savage, Hyacinth Foster, Donald Steckler.

Front row, kneeling: Kathy Thoresen, Peter Dennison, Marion Stead-Abowitz, Ok Lee, Bernice Hauser, Linda Shelton, Pam Benning, Akbar Ali, Elizabeth Hutson, David Klein, Camille Bloom.

Not in picture: Richard Marotta, Marty Sternstein, Richard Beenen, Ellen Biblowitz, Bonnie Brown, Melissa Camby, Louise Kurshan, Kersten Ostwald, Barbara Ridge, Pamela Wood.





Terpsichore at Rest: Bonnie



Stranger than Paradise, or Moses in the Promised Land: Steve, Richard.  
On the parapets of Walden: Dr. Steckyll and Mr. Hidee-ho (Don, Steve)



You may not like *Grapes of Wrath*, but you may live it soon Dan.

You cannot imagine what we've been through! Yael



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# TO ERIC WEISBERG, FROM THE SENIOR CLASS

*byline: who wrote this?*

The senior class of 1988 would like to make a very special dedication to a very special person, Eric Weisberg. Eric was more than a teacher here at Walden for five years; he was a friend, a confidant, a student, a humanist, and a true Waldenite.

Eric came to Walden in 1981, after teaching at the Trinity School for two years. He found Walden to be warm and like a second home, as so many of us do. He felt that Walden was like a family to whom you grow very attached.

Eric taught high school English, Journalism, and a Social Studies class. Among some of his celebrated classes: *Vietnam; Born In The USA* (a history), *Wretched Of The Earth: Third World Literature*, and *Journalism: the making of the Walden newspaper, The Progressive News*.

Eric not only taught a cycle of social studies, he also taught us to be socially aware and responsible.

Last year Eric decided to go to Harvard Law School. He has very mixed feelings about having left Walden. So far it's been a great experience, but he misses Walden and he misses teaching very much. Although, as much as he misses us, we miss him. Students here have nothing but admiration for a man who, as Senior Sascha Lewis put it, "Was a symbol of Walden's spirit and caring. His determination and enthusiasm was inspiring to us all." But affection and appreciation don't stop there. Senior Natasha Fried expressed herself similarly, saying, "He gave us a great enthusiasm for learning, and with that enthusiasm he also taught us how to understand and explore."

One of the greatest contributions Eric made was in his commitment to teaching. He involved himself with the students, bringing his energy and caring into the classroom atmosphere. This gave everyone involved a feeling of friendship and camaradery which always accompanied any one of his projects, whether it was a class discussion or an extra-curricular activity; there always was a special kind of feeling when Eric was involved.

Yet appreciation of Eric is not limited only to the student body. Staff and teachers, too, complement the good feeling. Bob Roseen, high school math teacher, frankly appraised Eric. "He has always consistently impressed me in his relationship between his thoughts and his actions. He always did what he believed in." This is certainly true of Eric. Fiercely politically and socially conscience, he has much to offer any environment and community he settles himself in. In this respect we feel that we haven't lost Eric, but that we must now share him with the rest of the world.

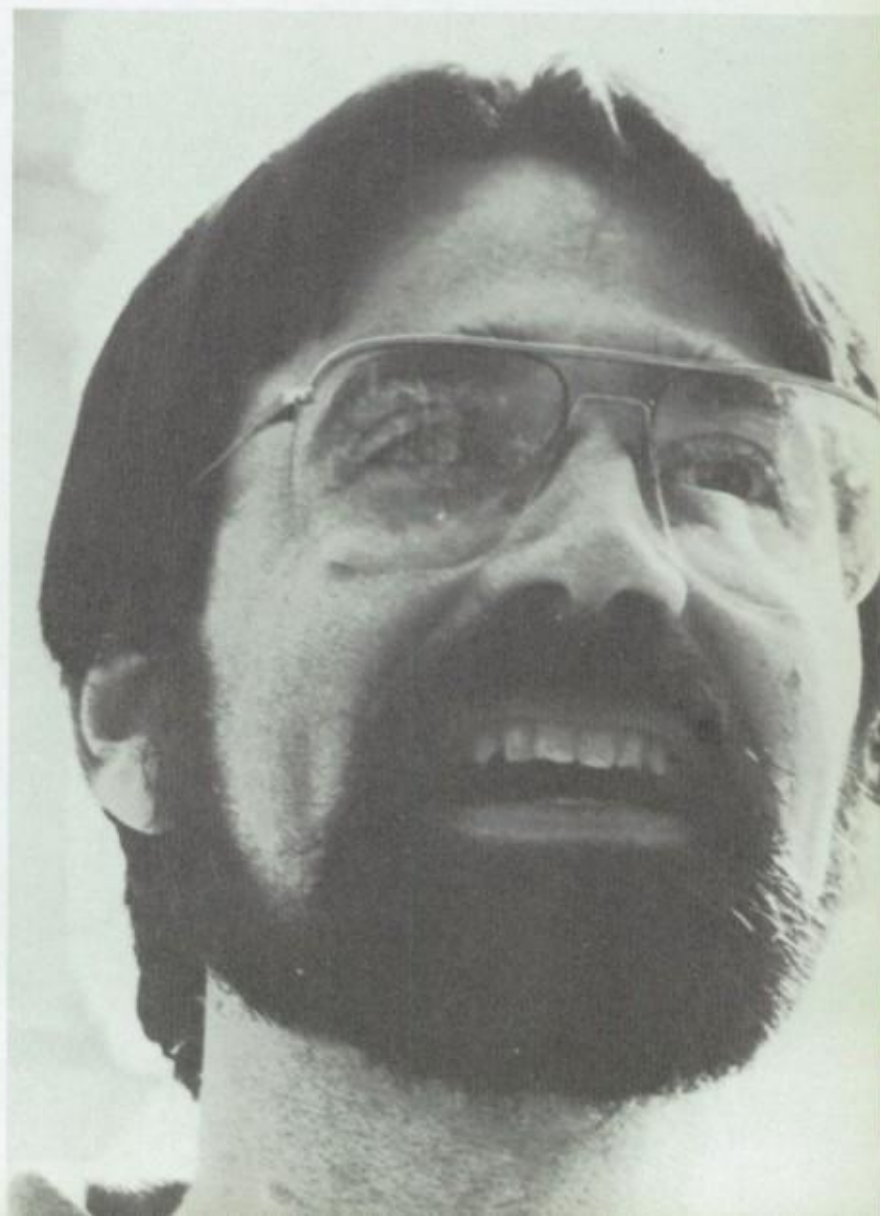
## ERIC'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS

The Progressive News	Assembly on Racism
The Great Peace March	South African Demonstration
Walden Goes to Russia	South African Assemblies
The Model UN	Poetry Magazine
Born in the USA Assemblies	Assembly on Vietnam
Nuclear Disarmament Assembly	
Fundraising for New El Salvador Today	

Minigrant Committee

Eric and Rhonda, his wife

right: Eric Weisberg





# WALDEN SURVIVORS

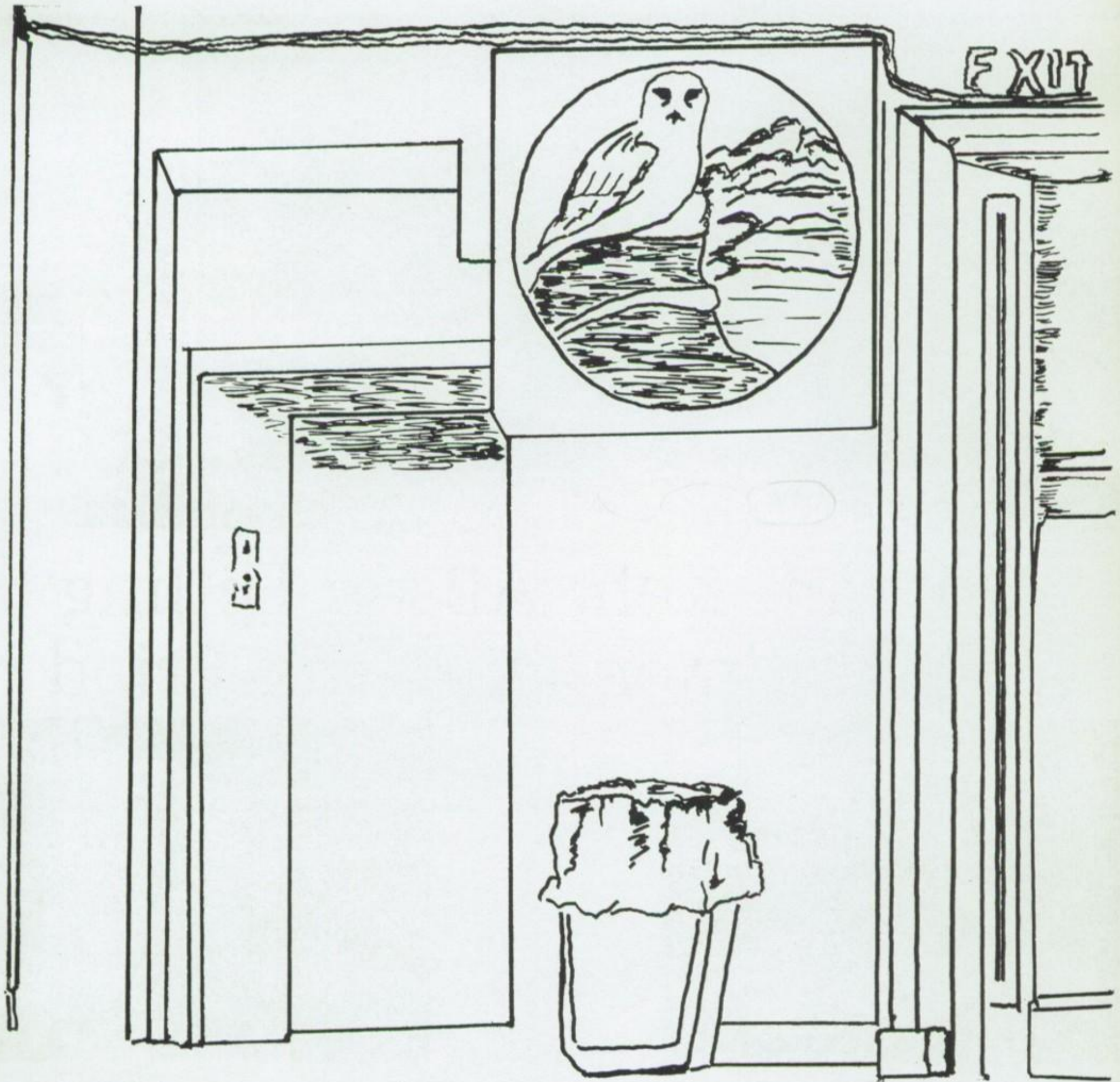


William Keh, Alison Dilling  
Ingrid Simon, Natasha Fried





# CLASS



Drawing: Saahir Lone

# PICTURES



# CLASSES OF 2002 3 YEAR OLDS



Back row, from left to right: Marian Abowitz-Stead (teacher), Alexa Pennell, Gabrielle Lubart, Benjamin Frischer, Andrew Yankovitz, Louise Kushner, Sarah Carden, Kaitlin Hammond, Victoria Cayuela (teacher). Front row: Natalie Marcus, Joseph Teitelman, Benjamin Softness, Eli Cohn, Alexis Sarandon, Susan Fuchs, Sitting in front: Eugene Prentice, James Thomas.



Back row, from left to right: Penny Morell (teacher), Arlene Greenberg (teacher), Hannah Spector, Jonathan Bratt, Willy Friedman, Julia Raufman, Jordana Warmflash, Desmond Maxwell. Front row: Jessica Ryan, Paul Messenger, Dominic Lester, Aslan Chalom, Daniel Sweren-Becker, Lily Betjeman, Samantha Napolitano. Not in picture: Cedric Butler, Daniel Witkin, Jennifer Brenner. Maggie Close.



# CLASS OF 2002: 3 YEAR OLDS



Back row, from left to right: Alana Altmann, Katie Bachner, Adam Block, Will Andersen, Annie Delehanty, Megan Tessler, Karla Mei Robertson, Kirsten Ostwald (teacher). Front row: Mary Mahabir (teacher), Gillian Gillers, Zachary Rothman-Hicks, Jessica Chervin, Jamila Watkins, Christopher Samardge, Daniel Katzen, Katherine Saviskas. Not in picture: Yaseen Malnik

# CLASS OF 2001: 4 YEAR OLDS



Back row, from left to right: Wendy Fraser, Jon-Jon Eddy, John Kucek, Philip Smith, Steven Lopez, Zoly Amegboh, Jesse Goldman. Front row: Jonathan Stead, Lia Brezavar, Elizabeth Hope Williams, Samantha Sculnick, Benjamin White. Not in picture: Camille Bloom (teacher), Peter Dennison (teacher).



# CLASSES OF 2001: THE 4'S



Back row, from left to right: David Klein (teacher), Nathan Churchill-Seder, Vanessa Cohen, Charlotte Clark, David Senor, Elizabeth Tepper, Robert Copeland-Halperin, Kathy Thoresen (teacher). Front row: Amalia Kerr, Jeannine Sloane, Kumar Nair, Alexander Teodorescu, Guiseppe Flesca, Carson Calvo, Damien Picariello. Not in picture: Nina Gribetz.



Back row, from left to right: Karen DiIorio (teacher), Anitte Rebraca, Matthew Groves, Jordan Levy, Katherine Scheid-erman, Ames Goodman, Justin Ressler, William Noel. Front row: Jonathan Tascher, Nicole Salazar, Lily Fleishman, Kate White, David Meiklejohn, Lily Florenz, Alex Friedman. Not in picture: Cheryl Egan (teacher).



# CLASSES OF 2000: THE 5'S



Back row, from left to right: Charles Vos, Carly Tilton, Sara Kravetz, Timothy Betjeman, Nicholas Umbach, Joshua Burgener, Han-Ching Lin, Elliott Robertson. Front row: Leah Silberman, Amy Hillner, Jessica Gumora-Garcia, Jessica Baum, Dana Wolf, Samantha Gorelik, Evan Brownstein. Not in picture: Maryam Christie and Penny Backer.



Back row, from left to right: Ginny Deuscher (teacher), Nina Maxwell, David Pereira, Kaila Horan, Alex Frankel, Alexander Braitberg, Lawrence Sherman, Ben Koenigsberg. Front row: Andree Tzall, Nina Schwartz, Emily Purchia, Erica Long, Bianca Perez, Nathaniel Milner. Not in picture: Stephanie Sarandon, Ok Lee (teacher).



# CLASSES OF



1ST GRADE, back row, from left to right: Lindsay Baum, Ethan Abeles, Briana Gordon, Tyler Morris, Malik Johns, René Hidalgo-Torrès, Owyn Fischer. Front row: Celeste Walter, Erica Laughlin, David Shifrin, Shane Pavlo, Fong-Yen Lin, Barbara Ridge (teacher).



# CLASSES OF 1997 & 1998

2ND AND 3RD GRADES, back row, left to right: Thomas Betjeman, Gabriel Horan, Jennifer Egan, Gregory Wyles, Oren Abeles. Middle row: Hillary DeMarchena, Brendan Hicks, Kenneth Hittel, Jason Striker. Front row: Eva Lane, Jeremy Raphael, Jason Hayword, Jane Reimer. Absent from picture: Kree Cole, Talkeye Jackson, and Bernice Hauser (teacher).



# THE 4TH AND 5TH GRADES CLASSES OF 1995 AND 1996:



Rear row, from left to right: Sean Parkinson, Amanda Broomfield, Dana Farber, Joscelyne Sherman, Ray Godshall (teacher). Second row from rear: Fred Steindler, Nick Andors, Magda Brown, Donna Capato, Alexander Kalkines, Ryan McDonald. Front row: Rachel Cole, Yasmine Lancaster, Ben Davidson (behind Yasmine), Rasheedah Christie, Jenni Strauchen, Paul Rosen. Very front row: Sam Ben-Meir, Tom Glannon, Aaron Koenigsberg. Absent from picture: Zoe Jacobs, Kapi Monoyios.



# CLASSES OF 1993 AND 1994: THE 6TH AND 7TH GRADES



Back row, left to right: Benjy Lanter, Josh Rosen, Kim Thomas, Dawn Frazier, Natasha Rudenjak, Rebecca Mitchell, Geeta Gadgil, Estee Plotz-Pierce, Nicole Seate. Middle row: Ivan Calderon, Rhasaan Orange, Alexis Martinez, Rose Davis, James Choi, Peter Santiago. Front row: Philip Chew, Justine Selekman, Catherine Steindler.



# CLASS OF 1992: THE 8TH GRADE



Back row, from left to right: Claudine Easley, Nicole Whitted, Darryl Thomas, Claudia Spinelli, Victoria Kirk, Elizabeth Hutson (teacher). Front row: Adam Martinez, Alfred Reyes. Not in picture: Samantha Lokos, Nadiyah Sabir.





## CLASS OF 1991: THE 9TH GRADE

Back row, from left to right: David Vera, Randy Ostro, Jimol Walker, Andrew Sprenkle, Katina Foy. Front row: Alexa Fernandez, Lisa McIntyre, Tashana Anderson.





# CLASS OF 1990: THE 10TH GRADE

Top row, from left to right: Krissy Gentile, Katrina Fried, Nicholas Leichter, John McFaul, John Stubbman. Middle row: Ann Reiber, Nadira Abdus-Salem, Roslyn Estrada, Lajwana Davis, Bielka Tortorelli, Heather McElroy, Adam Jacobs, Erik Asness, Nicholas Isles. Kneeling: Caline Welles, Jason Gross. Not in picture: Simon Levenson, Sean Casey, Radiah Barnes.





## CLASS OF 1989: THE 11TH GRADE

Back row, from left to right: Alisha Williams, Holly Cuthbertson, Lori King, Charrise Henley, Nikki Harry, Chelsea Albu-cher, Erich Litoff, Hector Maldonado. Front row: Rob Linn, Gerald Laurino, Laura Sullivan, Willem Sellenraad. Not in picture: Tahri Gang, Jarrett Horowitz, Jennifer Dignazio, Ann Locke, Lisa Berry.



# CLASS OF



1988





↑Ingrid



↑Sascha, Alison, Kristin, Simon, Natasha

# SENIOR CANDIDS



↑Sarah Dan↓



↑Alison and Kirstin Natasha, William, Kirstin, Ned↓



↑Amy and Stephanie↑







"I am a dancer. I believe that we learn by practice. Whether it means to learn to dance by practicing dancing or to live by practicing living, the principles are the same. In each, it is the performance of the dedicated, precise set of acts, physical or intellectual, from which comes shape of achievement, a sense of one being, a satisfaction of spirit. One becomes, in some area, an athlete of God . . . I still believe in that perfection which fights against, what is for me, the only sin — mediocrity." - Martha Graham

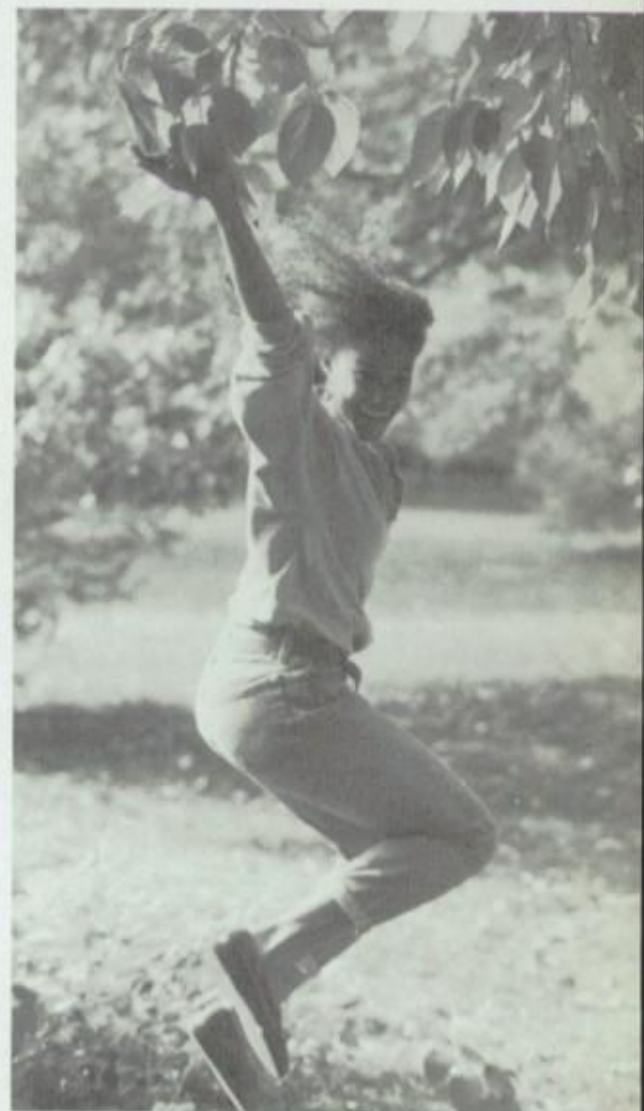
I used to live in a room full of mirrors  
All I could see was me  
Well I took my spirit  
And I crashed my mirrors  
Now the whole world is here for me to see  
- Pretenders, "Get Close"; Lyrics by Jimmi Hendrix



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*Believe in all we can be,  
and all that we have been,  
and all that we are.*

*- Genesis*

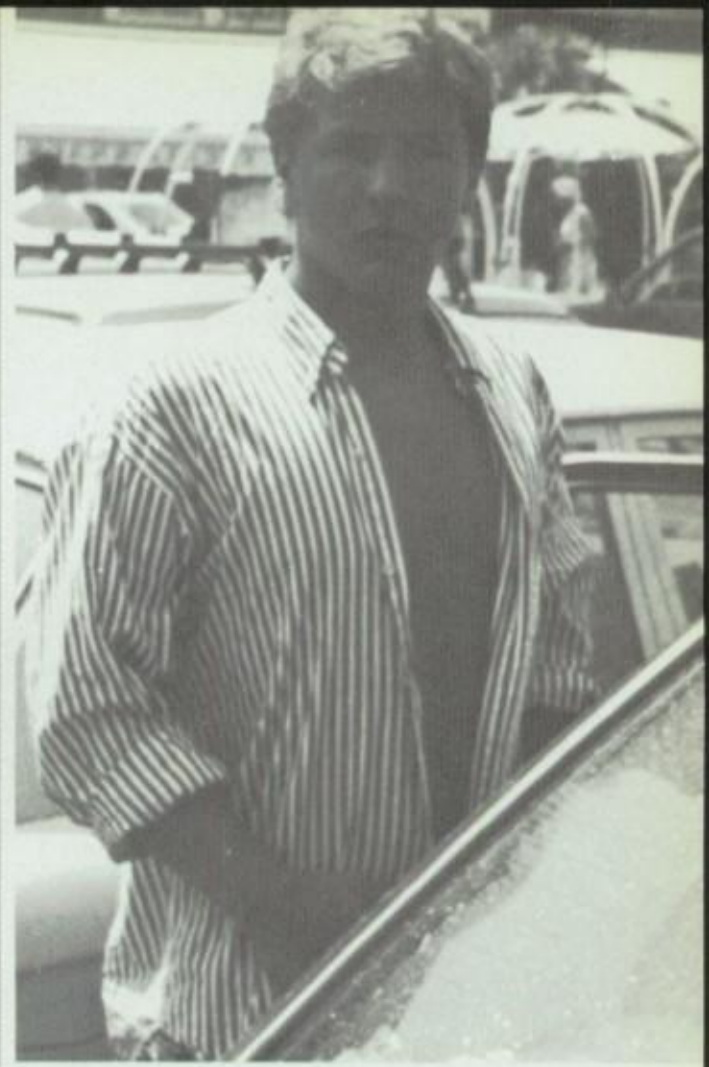
# *CECELIA DINER*







*Lisa  
De Ruiter*







# S A A H I R L O N E



ASPCA  
America's First  
Humane Society



ASPCA  
America's First  
Humane Society



ASPCA  
America's First  
Humane Society

"The commotion, the violence, the struggles in all these areas and many more, spring from one source: the evil and malign, possessive and greedy Europeans . . . they can't see the merit in Socialism and Communism because they do not possess the qualities of rational thought, generosity, and magnanimity necessary to be a part of the human race, part of a social order, part of a system. They cannot understand that 'from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs' is the only way that men can live together without chaos."

- from *Soledad Brother*, by George Jackson.

*"No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.*

*But I know none, and therefore am no beast."*

- from *Richard III*, by Shakespeare.

"Don't REJOICE in his DEFEAT, you men.

For though the World STOOD UP,  
and STOPPED the BASTARD,  
the BITCH that bore him is in HEAT AGAIN."

- Bertholt Brecht on World War II and Hitler.



*Three years here have been good,  
and not without mom, dad, Karl  
Marx, S., D., and Walden's teachers.*

*"Sometimes building ivory towers,  
Sometimes knocking castles down,  
Sometimes building you a stairway,  
lock you underground.*

*It's that old time Religion  
It's the kingdom they would rule  
It's that fool on television  
Getting paid to play the fool."*

- from *The Big Money*, by RUSH.





# CHRISTIAN DAVID BURNS



*Liquid sky . . . 5 east 23rd . . . generation X . . . Singing I love the Dead . . . One O'Clock . .*

*K.H.*





Hum, what happens if  
I spin them  
that way . . . ?



*Daniele Marracino*





# BRETT ASTOR

"Comes a time when the blind  
man takes your hand,  
says, "Don't you see?""  
- Grateful Dead

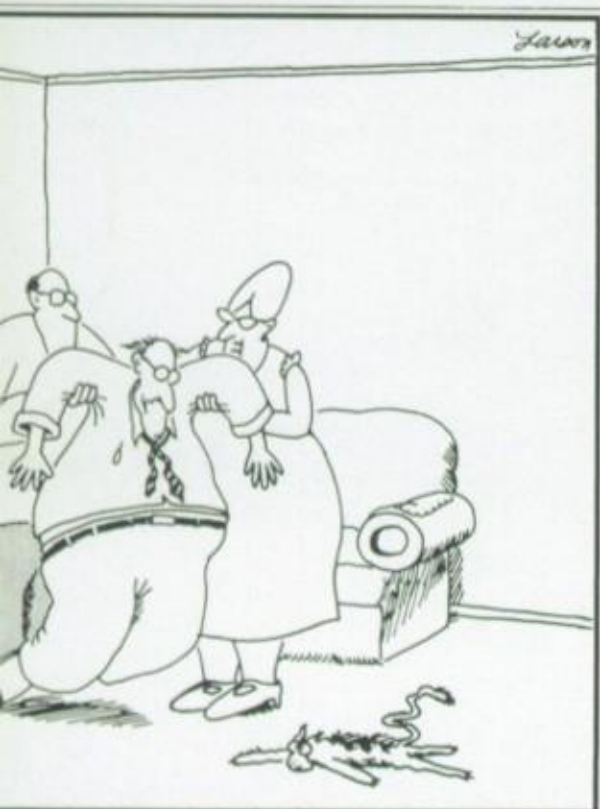


History repeats  
The old conceits  
The glib replies  
The same defeats  
Keep your finger  
On important issues  
With crocodile tears  
And a pocket full of tissues  
I'm just the oily slick  
In the wind-up world  
Of the nervous tick  
In a very fashionable hovel  
I hang around  
Dying to be tortured  
You'll never be alone  
In the bone orchard  
This battle with the bottle  
Is nothing so novel  
So in this almost empty  
Gin palace  
Through a two-way looking  
glass  
You see your Alice  
You know she has no sense  
For all your jealousy  
In a sense she still smiles  
Very sweetly  
Charged with insults  
And flattery  
Her body moves with malice  
Do you have to be so cruel  
to be callous?  
And now you find you fit  
This identikit completely  
You say you have no secrets  
And then leave discreetly  
I might make it California's  
fault  
Be locked in Geneva's deepest  
vault  
Just like the canals on Mars  
And the Great Barrier Reef  
I come to you beyond belief  
My hands were clammy and cunning  
She's been suitably stunning  
But I hope there's not a hope  
in Hades  
All the ladies cat call  
And wolf whistle  
So-called gentlemen and ladies  
Dogfight like rose and thistle  
I've got a feeling  
I'm gonna get a lot of grief  
Once this seemed so appealing  
Now I am beyond belief  
I've got a feeling . . .

- Elvis Costello







Well, I guess both Warren and the cat are okay . . . But thank goodness for the Heimlich maneuver!"

"And if the cloud bursts thunder  
in your ear  
You shout and no one seems to  
hear  
And if the band you're in starts  
playing different tunes  
I'll see you on the dark side  
of the moon."

- Pink Floyd



## Stephanie Klein







K: Gulf Breeze, crushes, prisoner with the boys, suing over suamp, Bucky and the flute, see ya in a few minutes, Bermuda, New Years, Todd and Tony, Friday the 13th, N.Y. movies . . . in other words, Led Zep, greg's room, see ya in a few months, I miss you, I love you.



S: That 1st Bartles + James, latenight meetings in the boys' den, on the 6 at 4, Rocky Horror, da-Lovie, big mistakes, "Don't worry, I'll keep the dog on my side", "Oh, wait, I gotta make another call", Steph's how to's, Floyd in the Rain, Thanx for being there, I do love you.



D: Skiing in Vermont, trips, Tuesdays, guys, parties, more guys, long talks, too much Vivarin, horror flicks, our rings, the same dreams, W.C., "I think I'm gonna throw up", Say not what?!, I love you stand by me.



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*CHRISTOPHER STERN*





# Kirstin Shank

*Art is man's nature, but nature is  
God's art*

*Has anybody seen, a dog dyed dark  
green, about two inches tall, with  
a strawberry blond fall, sunglasses  
and a bonnet, designer jeans with  
appliques on it.*

*- The B 52's*



*He who knows nothing, loves  
nothing. He who can do nothing,  
understands nothing. He who  
understands nothing is worthless.  
But he who understands also loves,  
notices, sees . . . The more knowledge  
is inherent in a thing, the greater  
the love . . . Anyone who imagines  
that all fruits ripen at the same  
time as the strawberries knows  
nothing about grapes.*

*- Paracelsus*







# ALISON ERIN DEE



*"I am still a New Yorker who owns no house, who thrives on city weekdays and country weekends. I still would change the world if I could, convince a nonbeliever that my way is right, argue a cause and make friends out of enemies. I am still the reformer, the impatient protester, the sometimes-intolerant champion of tolerance. Best of all, I still expect to hear, if not today then tomorrow, a voice or a sound I have never heard before, with something to say which has never been said before, And when that happens I will know what to do."*

- Grampa







*"Hatred paralyzes life;  
love releases it.  
Hatred confuses life;  
love harmonizes it.  
Hatred darkens life;  
love illumines it."  
- Martin Luther King, Jr.*



# ALISON DILLING



*A box of rain  
will ease the pain  
and love  
will see you through  
- G. D.*





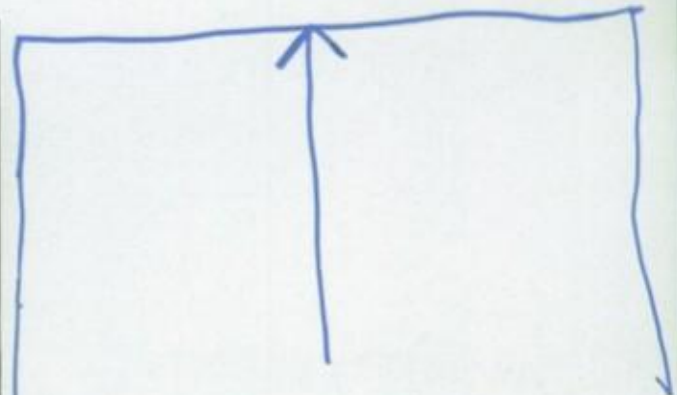


honey



"This is our hope . . . With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nature into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day."

- Martin Luther King, Jr.



"You can blow out a candle, but you can't blow out a fire."

- Peter Gabriel, "Biko"

"Love is the only force capable of transforming an enemy into a friend."

- Martin Luther King, Jr.

# SASCHA LEWIS



You have been denied too long  
Fill your lungs and cry rage  
Step forward and take your  
rightful place You're not going  
to grow up Knocking on the back  
door For there will be no  
travelling third class enforced  
by law With segregated schooling  
and sitting on the floor The rivers  
of our land, mountain tops and the  
shore

It's yours, you will not be  
denied anymore.

— *Cry Rage: Freedom's Child* by  
James Mathews, a black South Af-  
rican poet, arrested after the  
Soweto uprising in 1976. He was  
held without trial for four months  
and then released.





THESE ARE THE ENDLESS GALAXIES OF WHICH ARE YOURS: YOU CAN JOURNEY TO INFINITY, THROUGH THE ENDLESS PASSAGES OF THE COSMOS. EVEN BETTER, THIS ALL BELONGS TO YOU. THIS IS YOUR MIND.  
J. HUNT



In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing, he felt quite sure that he would never die.

J. Salinger

## WILLIAM WEI KEH







Ingrid Simon







Love is a gift. You do not earn it by doing something. You deserve it by being yourself. Dr. David Viscott



dive for dreams  
or a slogan may topple you  
(trees are their roots  
and wind is wind)

trust your heart  
if the seas catch fire  
(and live by love  
though the stars walk  
backward)

honour the past  
but welcome the future  
(and we dare you death  
away at this wedding)

never mind a world  
with its villains or heroes  
(for god likes girls  
and tomorrow and the earth)  
e. e. cummings



# NATASHA TABORI FRIED



We can turn this into friendship and  
laughter, and beyond . . .

CHESS





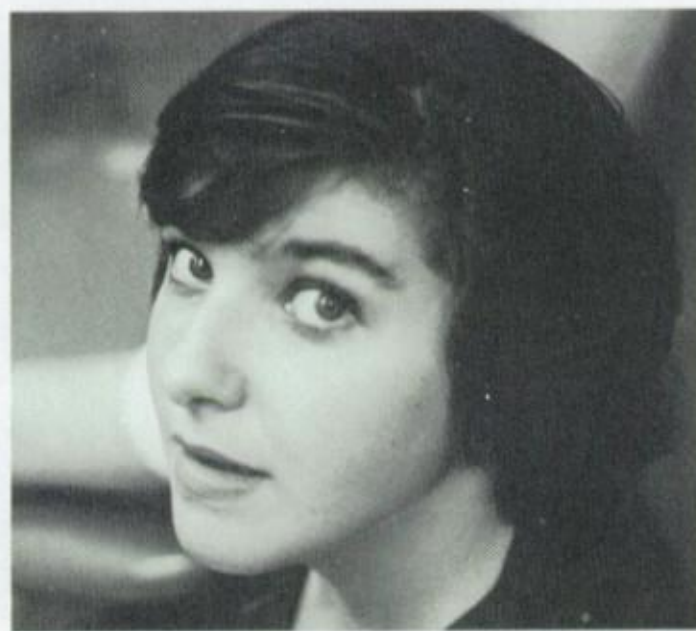


*"Je suis un oiseau du pas-  
sage."*

*- Gorky*

*"Have the courage to be free  
Never be afraid to love  
Never be afraid to just be"*

*- Ethel Ennis*



*Sarah Elizabeth Gillen*







## Jennifer Webb

*What happened  
to our  
innocence?*

*Did it go out  
of style,  
along with  
our naivete?  
No longer  
a child.*

*Different eyes  
see different  
things.*

*Different hearts  
beat on different  
strings.*

*- Unknown*







"Ten miles behind me — and ten thousand more to go."

- S T.

"I listen to my words  
but they fall far below  
I let my music take me  
where my heart wants to go."

- Cat Stevens

"... I'm as free as a bird now — and this bird you can not change."

- Lynyrd Snynyrd



"I hope that posterity will judge me kindly, not only as to the things which I have explained, but also as to those which I have intentionally omitted so as to leave to others the pleasure of discovery."

- René Descartes (1596-1650)



"Live to love and ... love to live." J.M.

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"Wish I was a Kelloggs' cornflake, floatin' in my bowl, takin' movies, relaxin' a while, livin' in style, talkin' to a raisin who 'casionally plays L.A., casually glancing at his toupee."

- Simon and Garfunkel

"Don't let it bring you down, it's only castles burning,"

"find someone  
who's turning, and  
you will come  
around."

CSNY



"Old friends  
memory brushes  
the same year  
Silently sharing  
the same jeer ..."

Simon and  
Garfunkel

"Besides, hugging prevents war." Kathleen Keating





All the world's indeed a stage and we are merely players, performers and portrayers each anothers audience outside the gilded cage.

- Rush

## *Susan*

Mom & Dad:  
I don't know how to thank you for all of your love and support, you have made me who I am, and I am forever indebted.



The past is just a portrait the future is ours to frame.

- Beatles

## *"Suzy"*



## *Changar*

Next to your deepest fears we stand surrounded by a million years.

- Yes

A.B. -

I have often dreamt of the day that we would be, knowing destiny had set a time for you and me—

S.C.

In the end you gotta go look before you leap and don't you hesitate at all—no no!

- Yes







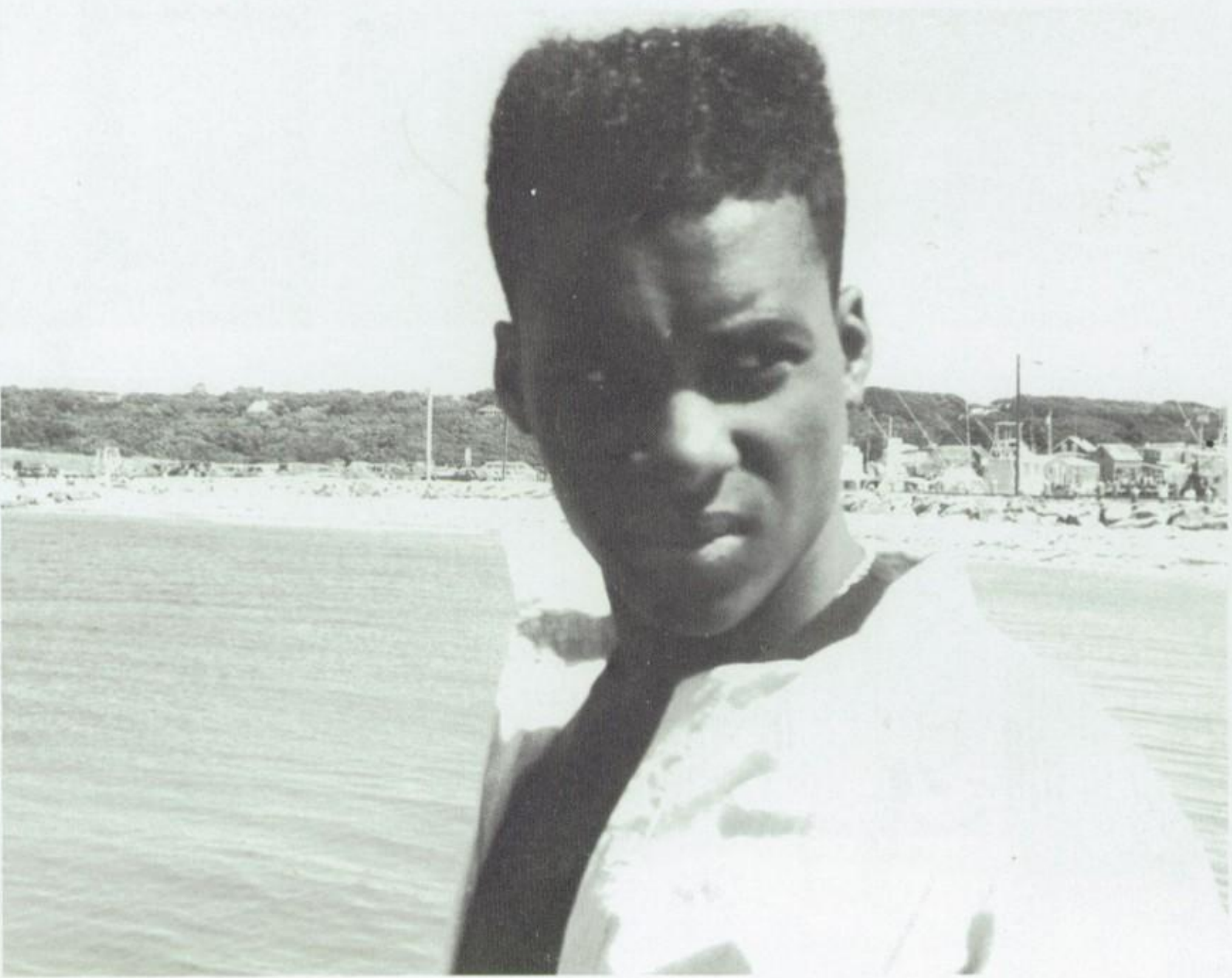
Carla DeBrena  
Thomas L. *rook*







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*Nuke bagels, not people.*

*- Jodie our Ready*

*Fumar Umbamba?*

*- Ian*

# THEODORE MAVITY

*All the world's indeed a stage,  
We are players,  
Performers and portrayers -  
Each another's audience  
Inside the gilded cage.*

*- Rush*



*I see you've got your fist out —  
Well speak your peace and get out —  
Yes I get the jist of it but, it's all right.  
I'm sorry that you feel that way —  
The only thing there is to say —  
Is every silver lining's got  
a — touch of grey.*

*- The Grateful Dead*

*Do or do not — there is no try!  
- Yoda*





### Friends

Friends, you may come and go  
But while you're here and now  
There's one thing I want to know

Whenever your mind screams  
will you stop?  
Stop the anger, stop the greed,  
The very things you don't need.

Instead fill yourself with love  
So you can be,  
A part of the thing you've had glimpses of  
The love,  
inside you and me



# NED MCDONALD





**"HEY, HEY, WE'RE THE MONKEES"  
- THE MONKEES**

# **DANA SANDS**

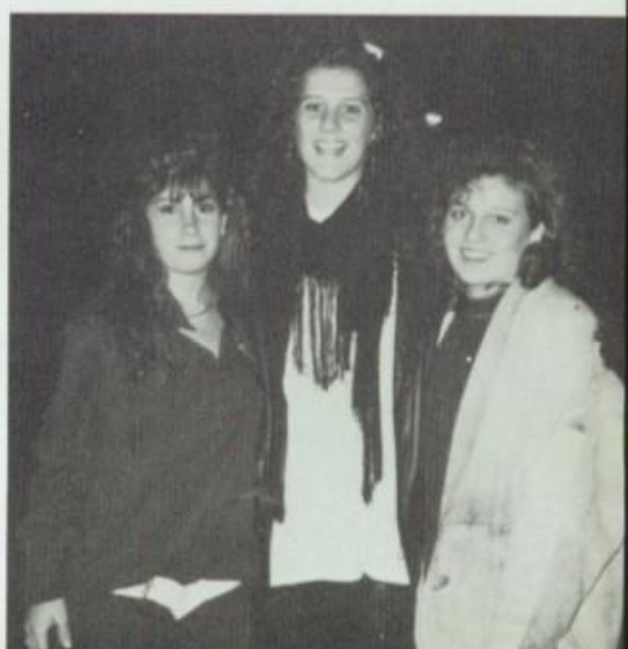
**"What if the worst is true and there really is no God, and you only go around once, don't you want to be part of the experience, it's not all a drag, I should stop searching for answers, I'm never going to get and enjoy it all while it lasts."**

**Woody Allen**

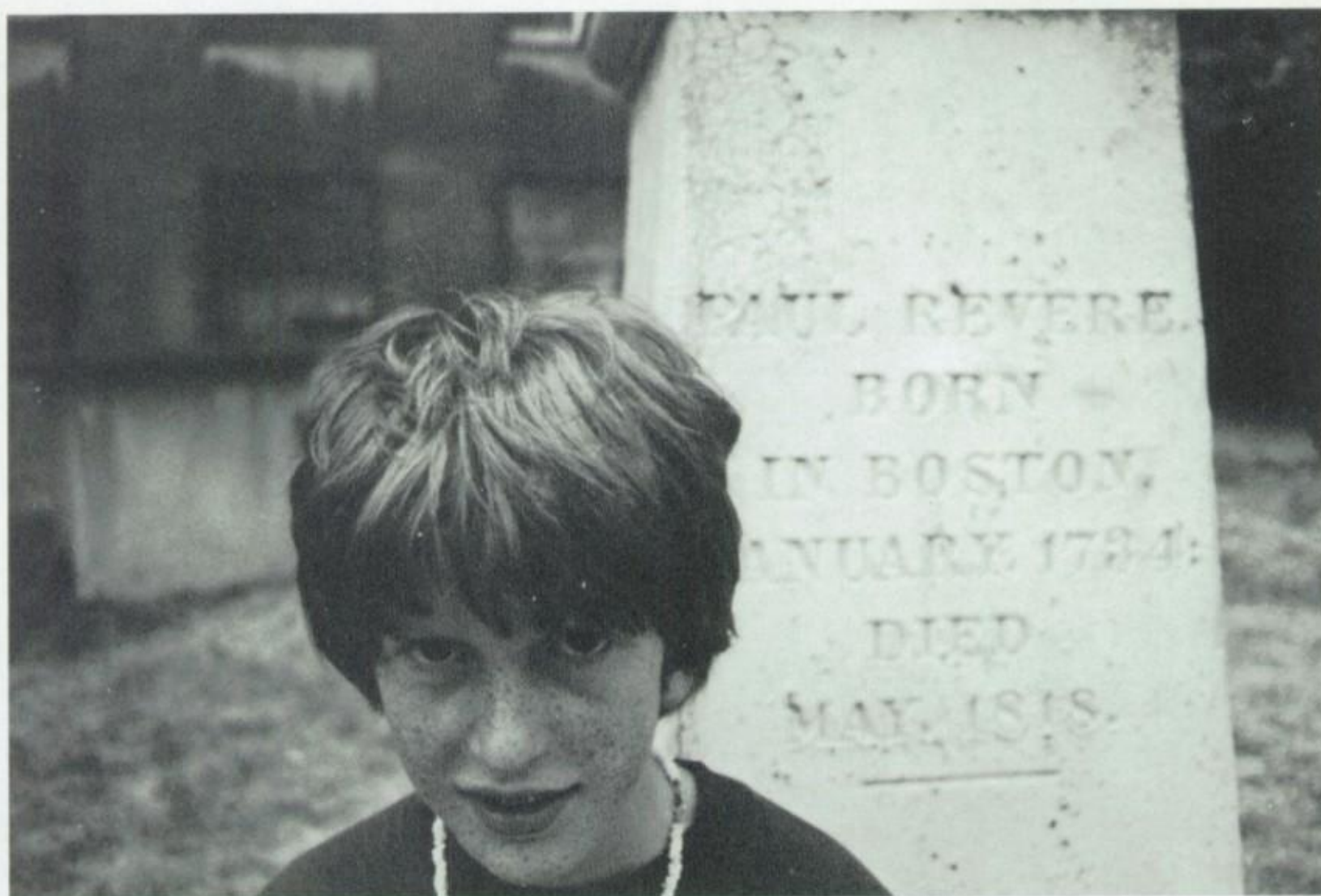




# METAL BLINK SCALARS







*When you play the game of life,  
it's not whether you win or lose,  
it's how good you look!*

- David Lee Roth



*Rock'n Roll is something you feel,  
like a punch in the face.*

- Jeff Beck

# *DAVID LEITER*





The good old days!



Friends come and go but enemies accumulate



T R  
O O  
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S



This is the time to remember  
because it will not last forever  
- Billy Joel

If at first you don't succeed try try again  
unless you're a skydiver.



63 and counting . . .





**DENISE BELLO**





*LORIE ROBINSON*





# HAD THEY HIDDEN

The most important things are the hardest things to say. They are the things you get ashamed of, because words diminish them — words shrink things that seemed limitless when they were in your head to no more than living size when they're brought out. But it's more than that, isn't it? The most important things lie too close to wherever your secret heart is buried, like landmarks to a treasure your enemies would love to steal away. And you may make revelations that cost you dearly only to have people look at you in a funny way, not understanding what you've said at all, or why you thought it was so important that you almost cried while you were saying it. That's the worst, I think. When the secret stays locked within not for want of a teller but for want of an understanding ear.





Mom, Dad:

"It used to seem to me that my life went on too fast. And I had to take it slowly just to make the good times last. Cause when you're born to run it's so hard to just slow down. So don't be surprised to see me back in the bright part of time."

- Steve Winwood  
I love you guys, thanks for all your support throughout the years.

"What do you want me to do to do for you to see you through then please don't be surprised when you find me dreaming, too."  
- Grateful Dead

"I spent my whole life trying to figure people out, now let them figure me out..."

- SNOOPY (PEANUTS) by Charles Schultz

"Over... did you say 'over'?"  
Bluto Animal House

"I've got wild starring eyes. I've got a strong urge to fly."

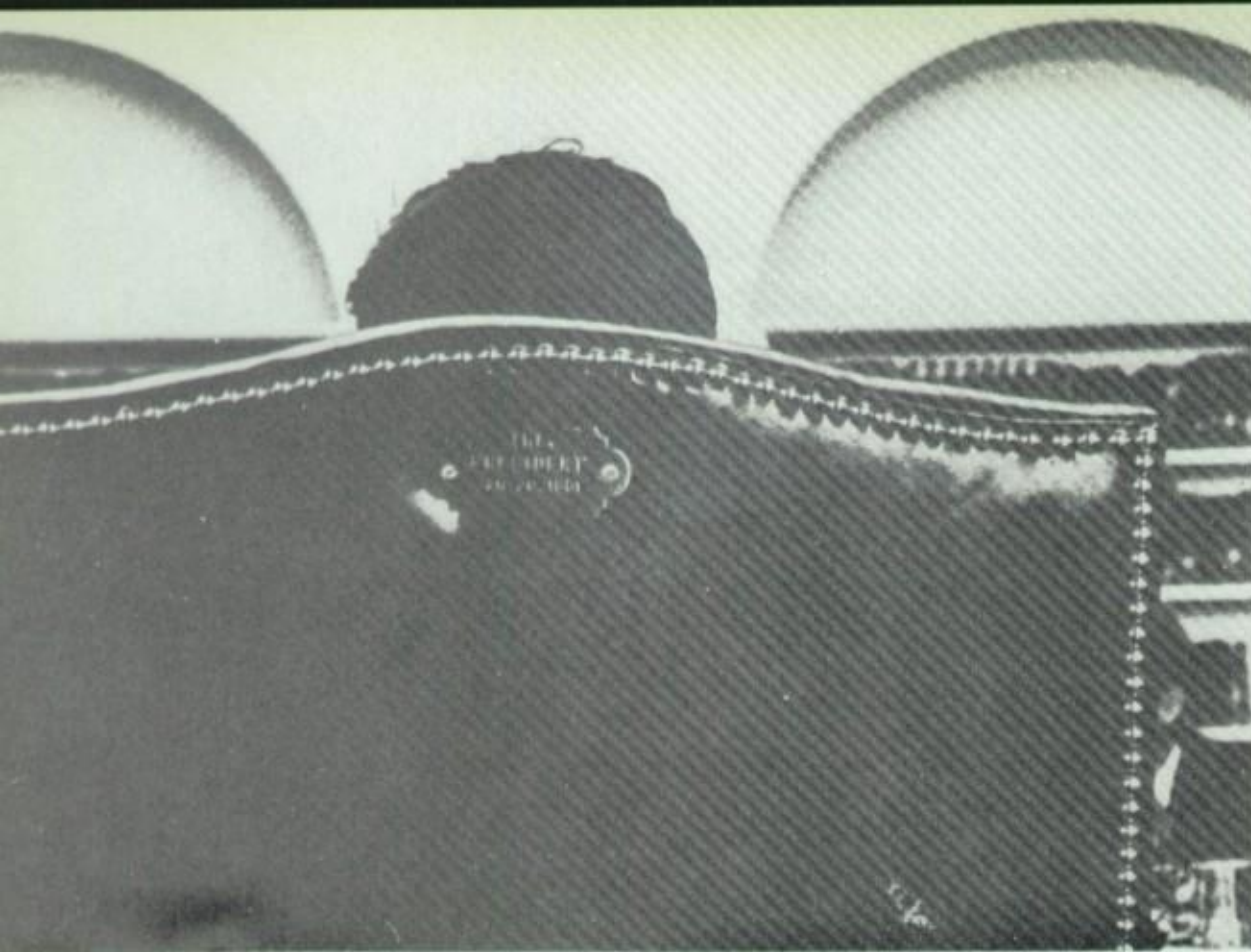
- Pink Floyd

"I understand about indecision. I don't care about getting me high. People living in competition. All that I want is to have my peace of mind."

- Boston

Michele Markowitz





# NATASHA PAGE-LEVIN

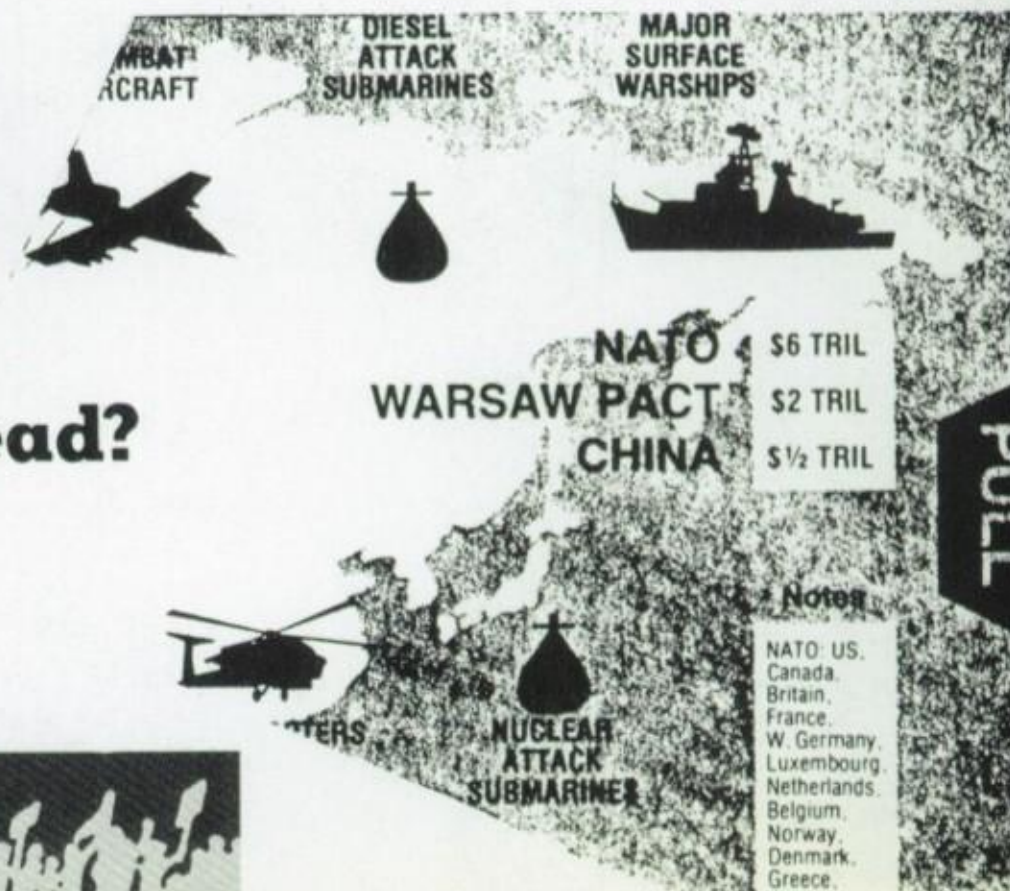
"Écrasons L'infâme"  
(We must crush the vile thing)  
- Voltaire

Arms are for linking,  
not selling.

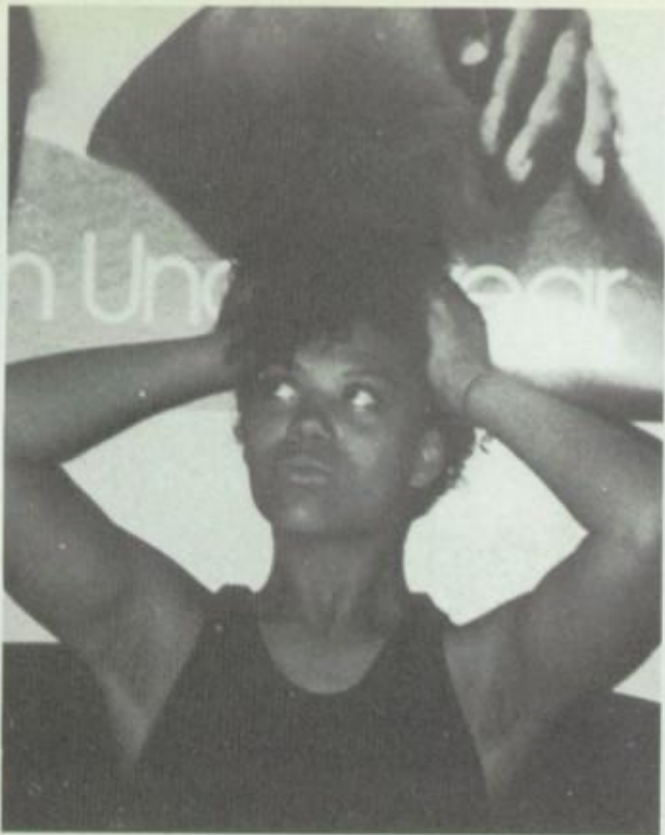


head?

Free the chalk five







# ***TANYA VEL***





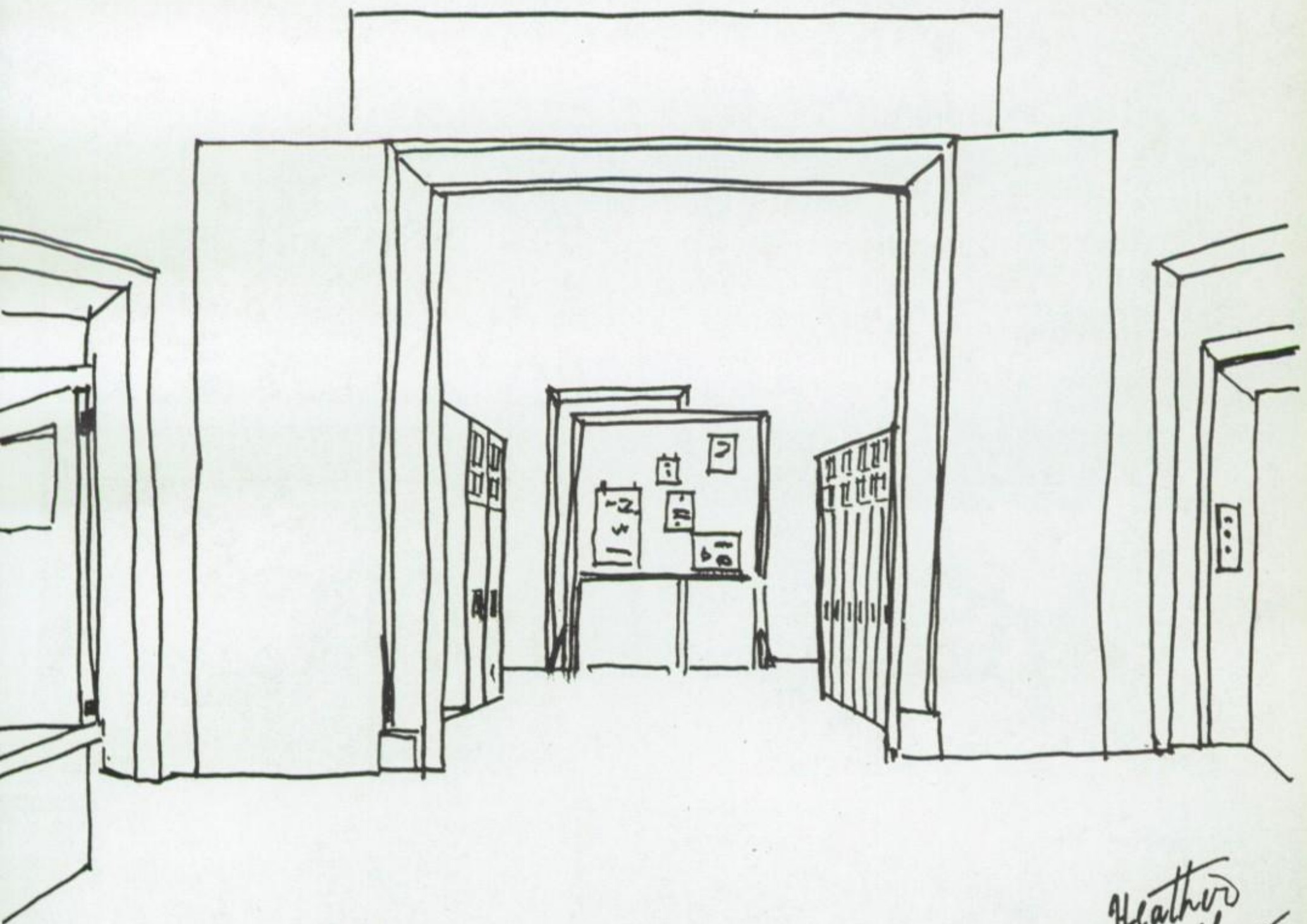


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# SCHOOL



Heather  
McHoy

# ACTIVITIES

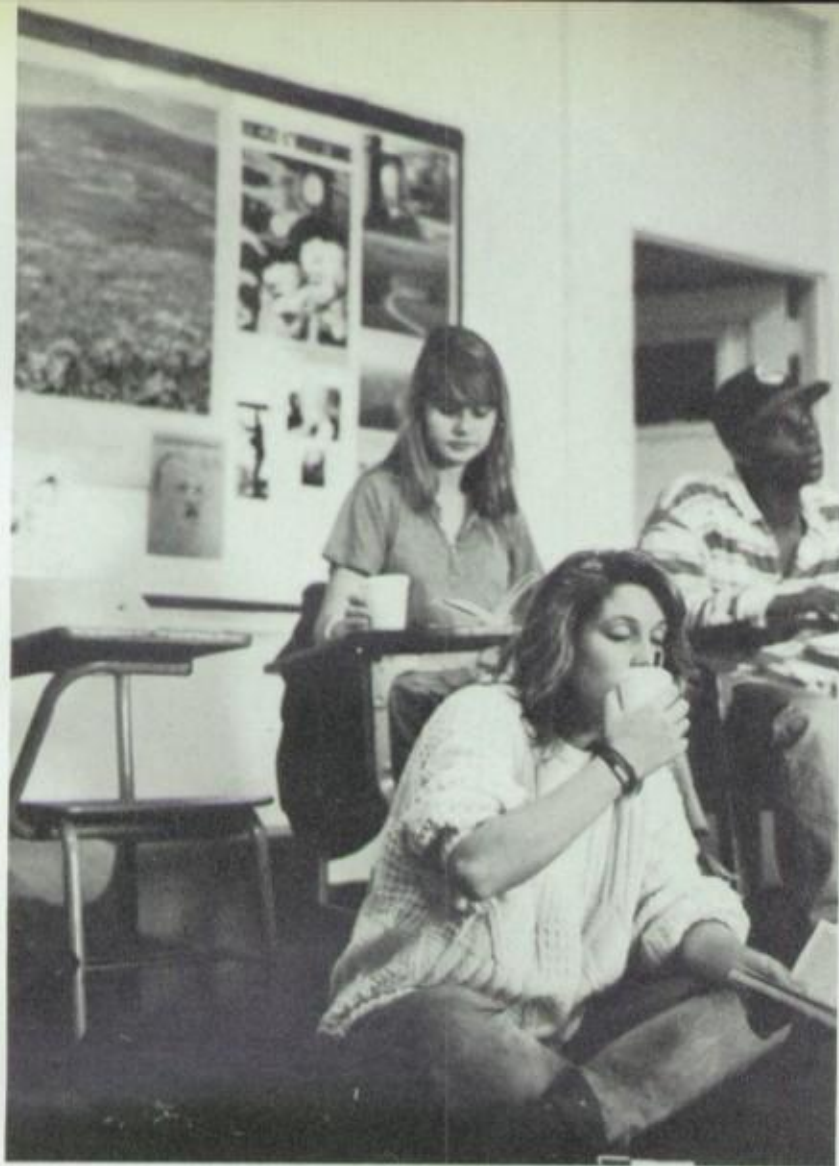




# ACADEMIC







# C A N D I D S







Jenny & Sarah



# THE WAY WE WERE...



Kirstin



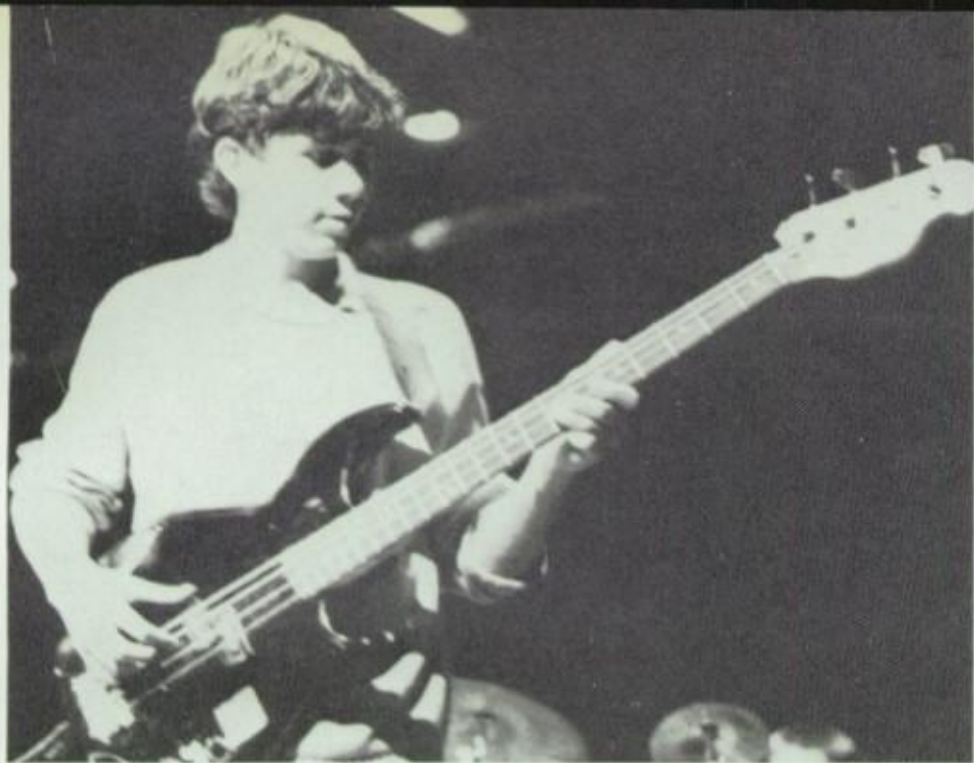
right corner; Sascha and William  
above: Saahir, Sarah, Ingrid, Kristin



William





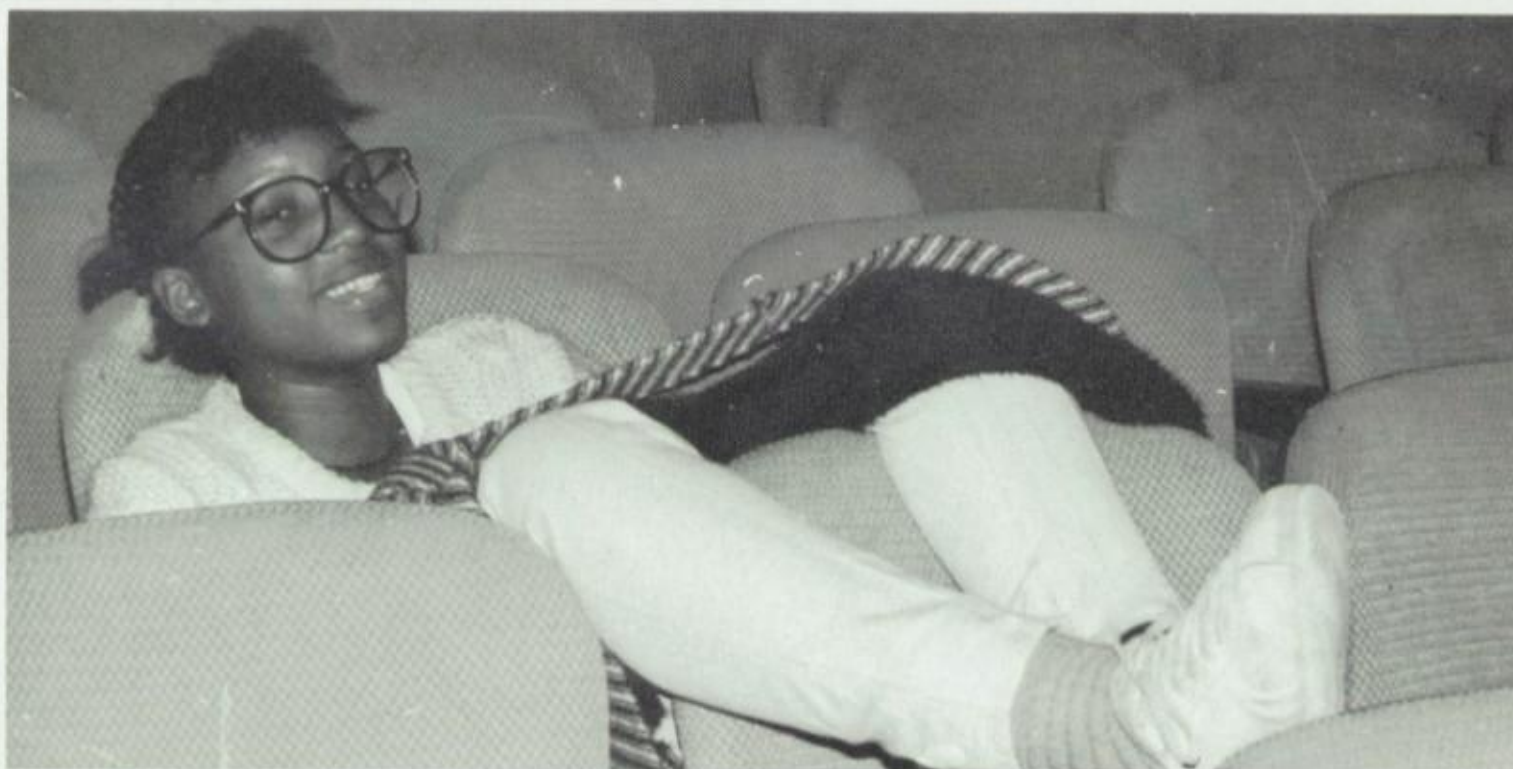


Adam Jacobs



Back row, left to right: Zed Jacobs, Paul Rosen, Sam Ben-Meir, Nick Andros (hidden by music sheet), Alex Kalkines, Ryan McDonald. Seated: Ben Davidson, Joscelyne Sherman, Amanda Broomfield.

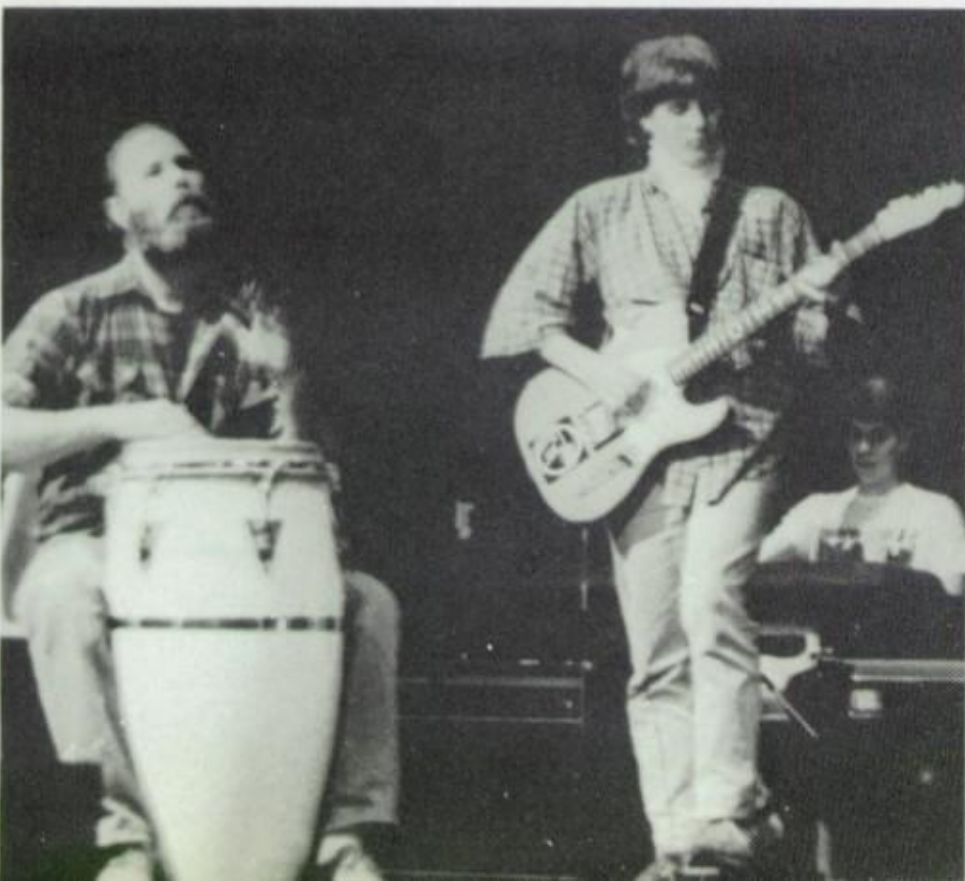
# THANKSGIVING



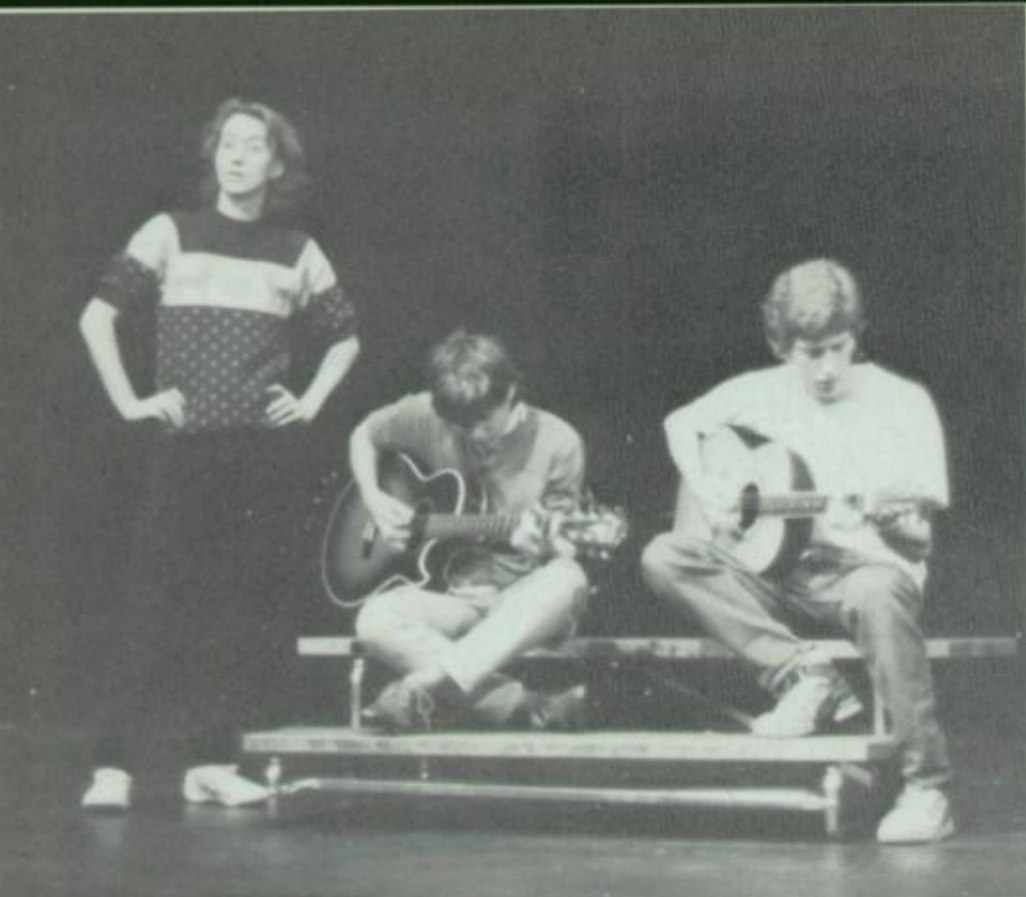
Lajuana Davis

Steve Silverman and Erik Asness

Back row, from left to right: Rasheedah Christie, Rachel Cole, Donna Capato, Tara Tadras-Whitehall, Sean Parkinson. Seated: Magda Brown, Tom Glennon (behind music sheet), Fred Steindler.



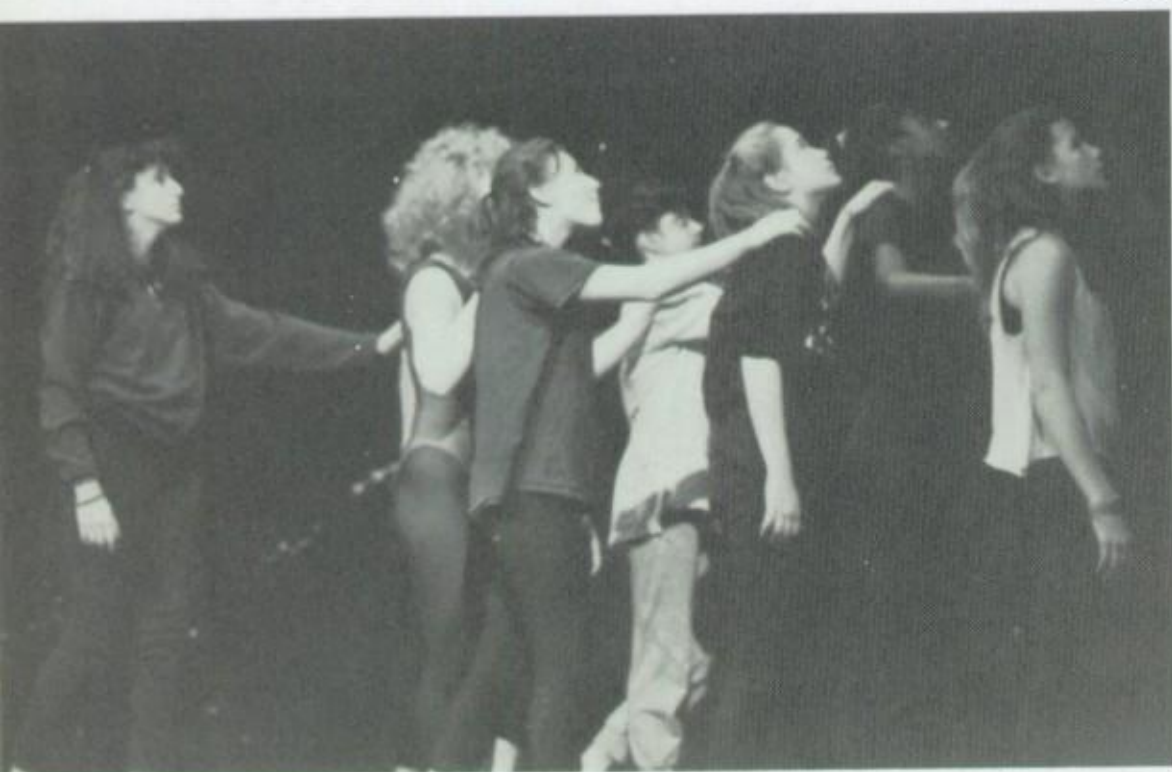




From left to right: Ned McDonald, Erik Asness, David Leiter



↑Left to right: Nicholas Umbach, Timothy Betjeman, Han-Ching Lin, Sarah Kravetz, Samantha Gorelick, Leah Silberman.



↑Left to right: eighth graders Estee Plotz-Pierce, Rebecca Mitchell, Geeta Gadgil, Catherine Steindler, Nicole Seate, Natasha Rudenjak.

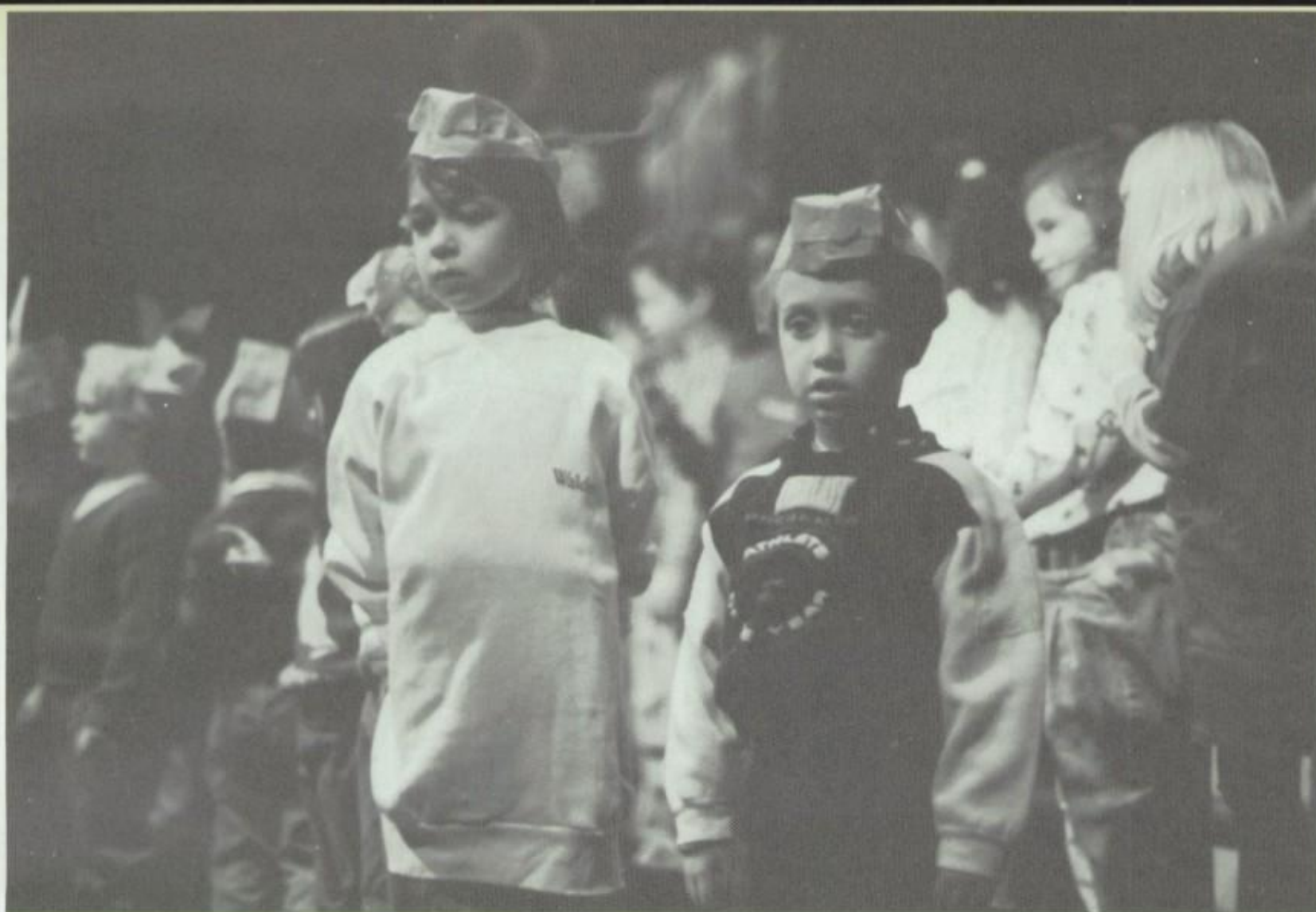
↓Left to right: C line Welles, Katrina Fried, Krissy Gentile. Maryam Christie→





# HOLIDAY

# ASSEMBLIES



Five year olds, from left to right: Timothy Betjeman (facing audience), Leah Silberman, Evan Brownstein, Nina Maxwell (partially hidden), Erica Long.

Below left: Ivan Calderon, Tommy Glennon (top of head visible), Eli Levine, Justine Selekman (partially hidden), Adam Martinez, Victoria Kirk, Geeta Gadgil, Samantha Lokos, Nicole Seate, Claudine Easley, Amanda Broomfield, Catherine Steindler, Nicole Witted, Alexis Martinez, Rasheedah Christie.

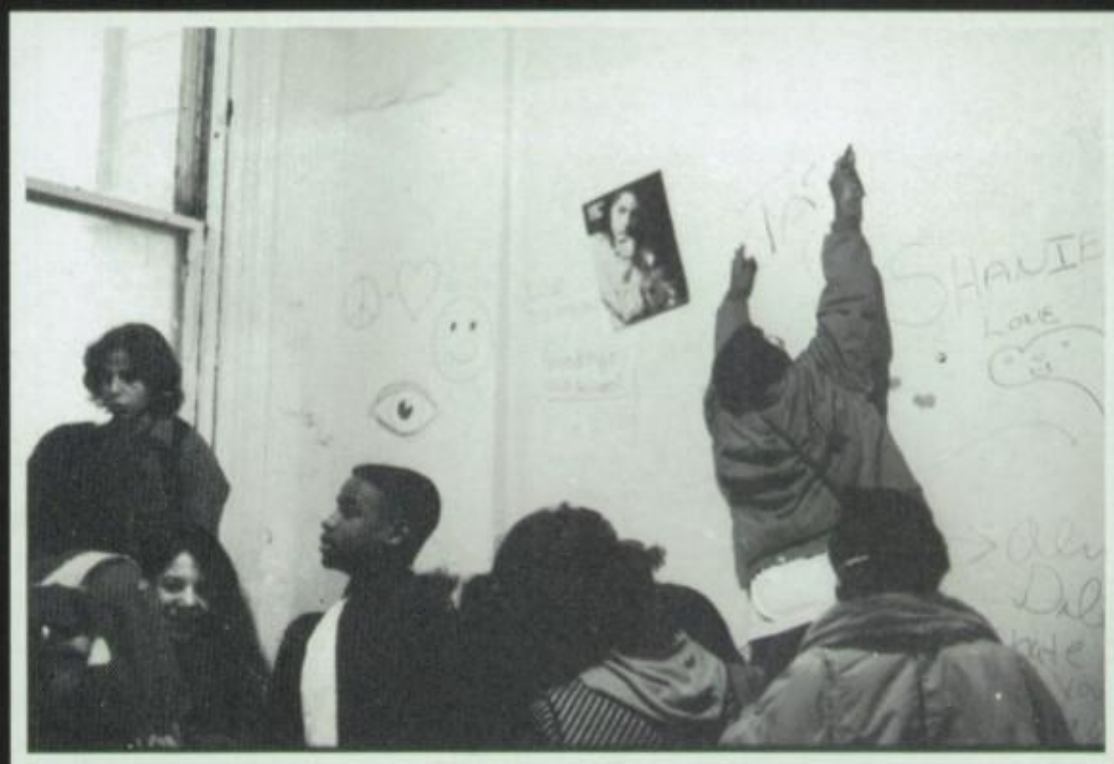


Below left: Justine Selekman, Kim Thomas, Geeta Gadgil, Estee Pierce, Nicole Seate, Rose Davis, Catherine Steindler, Rebecca Mitchell, Dawn Frazier, Natasha Rudenjak (both behind sheet music). ↑ Simon Levenson and Lajuana Davis

first row: Paul Rosen, Aaron Koenigsberg, Sean Parkinson, Jennifer Strauchen, Rachel Cole, Amanda Broomfield, Rasheedah Christie, Zoë Jacobs, Donna Capato, Yasmine Lancaster, Joscelyne Sherman.







## GOODBYE WALDEN

Everyone began gathering books and belongings as each approached the stairs. "This is the last time I'll walk down these goddamn stairs," someone said with a sad smile. As we started descending the goddamn stairs, each of us stopped as though our bodies just could not make it down those last few steps. We were lost in thought and in time.

Earlier that day many events had gone on to say goodbye to our beloved home: we sang, we danced, we inscribed our names upon the walls as if to say we will go down with the building! Then as we said our goodbyes, one could see tears in our eyes.

The teachers and administrators checked each room on each floor to make sure we had all gone. They proceeded to close all the windows, turned off the lights, and locked the doors. But even as they walked away, little voices could be heard screaming, "But we're still here, you forgot us." The screams continued until the people were way out of earshot and then they gave up. "You forgot something," they cried. "All the dreams, wishes, and hopes, that have been born and have died in the building. We are still here. Who is going to take us, who is going to make sure we're ok, that we survive?"

Each room possessed its own family of memories: of friendships formed, of tears shed. Laughter could be heard down the empty halls, and a lovers' kiss could be seen in the glimpse of an eye. "Why did you leave us here," they cried. "How could you forget us?"

Well we haven't forgotten, and we haven't lost you. You will live in our memories and in our hearts, if not in our hands.

So we continued down those last steps hearing the cries, but not ignoring them. We were holding them close and soothing them with kind words and a gentle touch.

Jennifer Miller



# WALDEN



*Gerald Laurino*



# ARTS



## FEAR

by Nick Isles

I opened the last one, and gulped it with salted enthusiasm. It was the last of eight or nine, and it began to cloud my senses. I didn't usually have more than three or four beers after dinner, but, for some reason, I was uneasy and found it necessary to distort reality.

I was afraid. I knew it would be a bad storm, but the worst had never given me trouble. By that I mean anticipated fear, not fear of the storm, but of something worse, but what that was I cannot say.

It was a quiet night. The sky rolled above at a tremendous speed, darkening the ground in patches as it swept by. The clouds were low, and gave the lake a concave appearance. The water was still, except for sudden rolling patches accompanied by the wind.

The wind did not blow steadily; it blew in short sporadic bursts, much as if *something* huge were trying to clear the lakefront with its powerful breath. When the wind came, it whistled with a strange, hollow sound, the sound one has when blowing into the neck of a bottle. The wind made me feel unimportant and small.

I was intoxicated, not with alcohol, but with fear and of the storm.

I stood on the north side of the cabin, the only side having windows. Not two or three, but many small panes, grouped together formed a vast picture window of French doors. The cabin was perched on a hillside, above Barret Lake. I had built it after I left college; it was a symbol of my manhood. I come to the lake when the city begins to dull my sense of purpose. Up here, I relive the fantasies of my childhood. Alone in the woods, with myself and my writing, I am at peace.

It's not an easy life. The cabin has neither plumbing nor electricity, and is quite remote. It was not destined for comfort, although I was comfortable with hardship. At this moment, I wished I had forgotten Barret Lake and my longings, and had bought a nice house in the Hamptons with a pool, a T.V. set, and without this unfathomable evil. It was not the cabin which plagued me, but the forest and what it hid.

The storm built momentum with each gust. The cabin shook furiously, the door vibrated, two glass panes shattered, and the Coleman lantern flickered out. I was alone in the dark. An occasional rod of lightening splintered in the wind, followed by thunder clap. The whole forest and the cabin were caught in an eerie, fluorescent light. Each time thunder struck, it came closer, at first some ten seconds away. I knew what the thunder was searching. I waited for the next flash, and when it came, I scurried to the kitchen, groped for the counter until I came upon the bottle. I shuffled back to the couch, pulled the cork, and the strong sour smell filled my sinuses: a fifteen year old scotch, kept for lonely nights.

I took a long sip and it burned like hell even after I put down the bottle. I began to drift. Suddenly I snapped to, and I screamed. I saw eyes in the shattered door panes. I leaped up, ran to the rear of the cabin, tripped over a hidden low table, and fell into pieces of broken glass. I felt no pain, only the warm, wet feel of the whiskey, and that of blood gushing from my chest and forearms. I began to crawl toward the fireplace, embedding more shards of glass into my knees. They grated against the bone as I slid across the floor in my own blood.

I had forgotten the eyes, my goal was the rifle lying against the woodpile of the fireplace. I pulled my body up, using the butt of the gun as a crutch. I hobbled over to the couch, and, ignoring the dull grinding in my knees, I sat down, and without thinking, I raised the bottle to my mouth. I kept the bottle there until my mouth was filled with the sour scotch.

When I tried to swallow, mouthfuls gushed down my chin, mixing with the warm blood, covering my shirt. Now I felt pain. The whiskey seeped into the wounds and burned through my chest.

What concerned me more was the dark reflection of serpentine eyes which I clearly saw in the window. I would not let them triumph; they would not take me. No fear was left, only hatred, and a sense of victory. I raised the rifle to my chin and in two quick strokes slammed the bolt. I checked the gun with my eyes, slid a hand down the stock to meet the cold steel of the trigger, and without fear, I pulled it.

A shot echoed through the woods, into the trees, and over the lake. Everything stood still, and once again, the night was quiet. The sky slowly rolled above the ground and cast a red hue on the forest.

# WRITINGS FROM WALDEN

He clutched the poem  
held hands  
torn down in pieces  
like  
... petals from a rose.  
Just as the last line  
ended  
The silver thorns  
of the long  
growing  
green stem  
brought back pain  
from years of  
season ...  
The first verse  
showed his youth  
magnified in the signifi-  
cance  
of being first  
That line faded first  
and that was the first  
winter  
before the next spring  
The second verse was  
growth  
aging and living again  
and again  
It was long,  
perhaps the longest

and hardest to pluck  
away  
His life  
the last is where the  
rose fell  
and the poem  
became fragments,  
papers of memory  
Dreams and illusions.  
The last line minimized  
the significance of  
knowledge,  
made small every other  
word  
that comes before  
All that is legible  
is a small line,  
last and first  
and the only written  
He caught this petal  
before it fell  
and saw his life written  
before him  
"He clutched the poem  
held hands  
torn down in pieces  
... like petals from a  
rose"

JADE ROSE

Boulder Climbing  
Dragon of the hand  
the fingernail that  
causes  
you to clasp a stone  
while climbing  
the face of a rock  
Don't listen to the cave  
though it seems to be  
crying  
It's only the echo  
of your touch,  
or your own tears  
But climb higher  
until the sound  
becomes silence  
No ear could hear  
the volume of your  
breath  
as you do now  
Legs, arms, thoughts  
are all together again  
For the easiness  
of climbing down  
JADE ROSE  
(a.k.a.: C line Welles)

Tear drops fall.  
Alone again I call the name of loneliness. I dread that feeling  
that comes over me all the time.  
Again I look over my shoulder and nobody is there. No-  
body is ever there, well not for me at least.  
I never felt accepted and loved or liked by anyone. They  
seem to look but don't care.  
I never felt that anybody really cared.  
"Hard" is a word you get accustomed to when everything  
that has ever happened to you is hard.  
Belonging was never there, just a cold sullen place. I  
seem to be doomed with this fate of sadness. Nobody is giving  
me a chance. Nothing or nobody gives me a chance. Will this  
ever end???

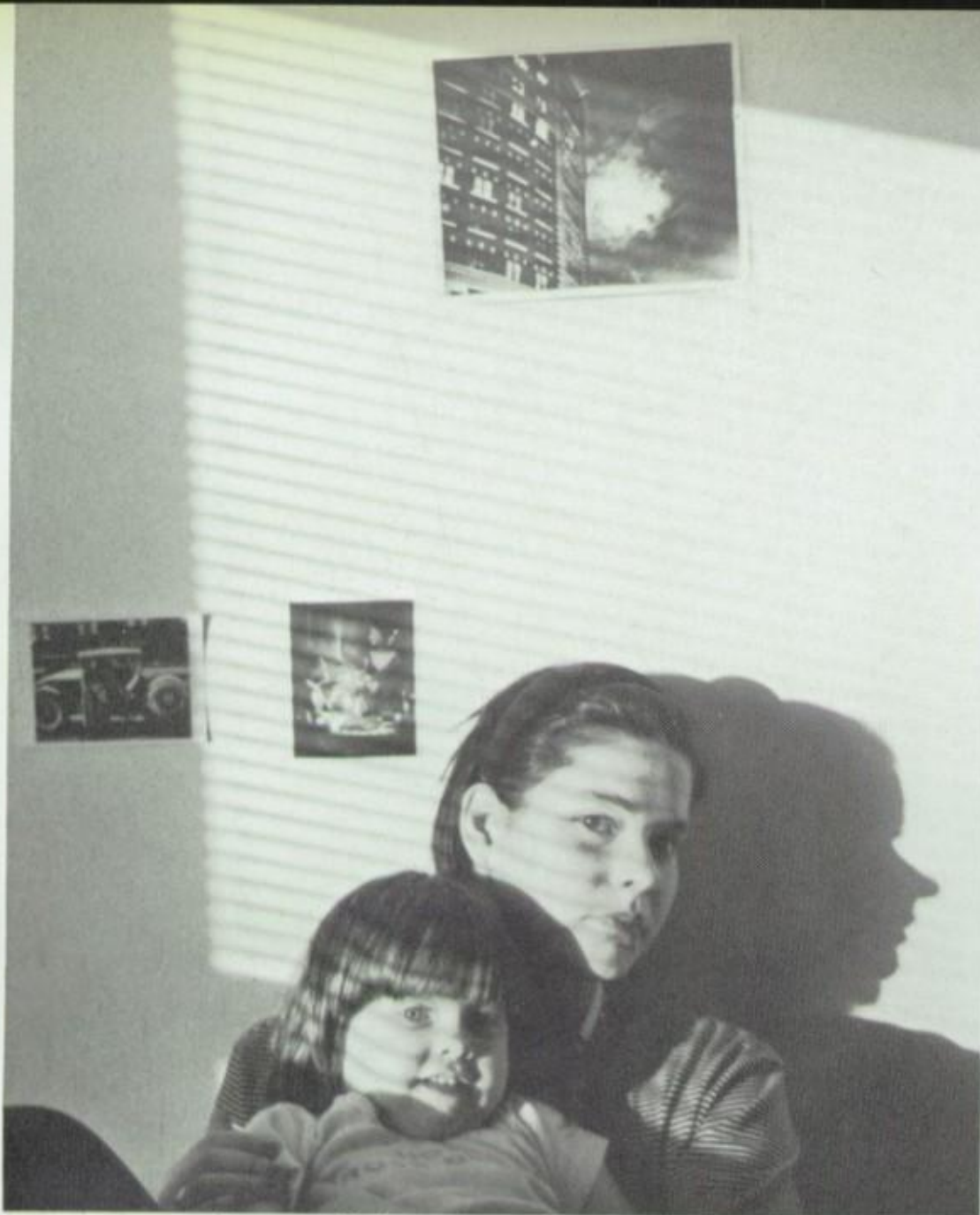
Nobody is giving me a chance. Nothing or nobody gives  
me a chance. Will this be my life??? Alone and isolated? Like  
I always was? Like I always am.

"Why?" is a question that I ask myself but I never get an  
answer. Not from me, not from you, not from anybody. I'm  
twirling in circles of deep space. I'm trying to love him but  
he isn't really there. I'm trying to touch him. Out of his fingers  
pass my hand.

Will he come and take me away from this world?  
I don't like this world.  
I must change it.

JUSTINE SELEKMAN





Above and below: photographs by Alison Dee

# Walden Photography

Below: photograph by Stanton Webb





# *Some Pages From Walden Sketch Books*



*Drawings by Chris Stern, Roslyn Estrada, Lajuana Davis, Gerald Laurino, Katina Foy, Hector McElroy*

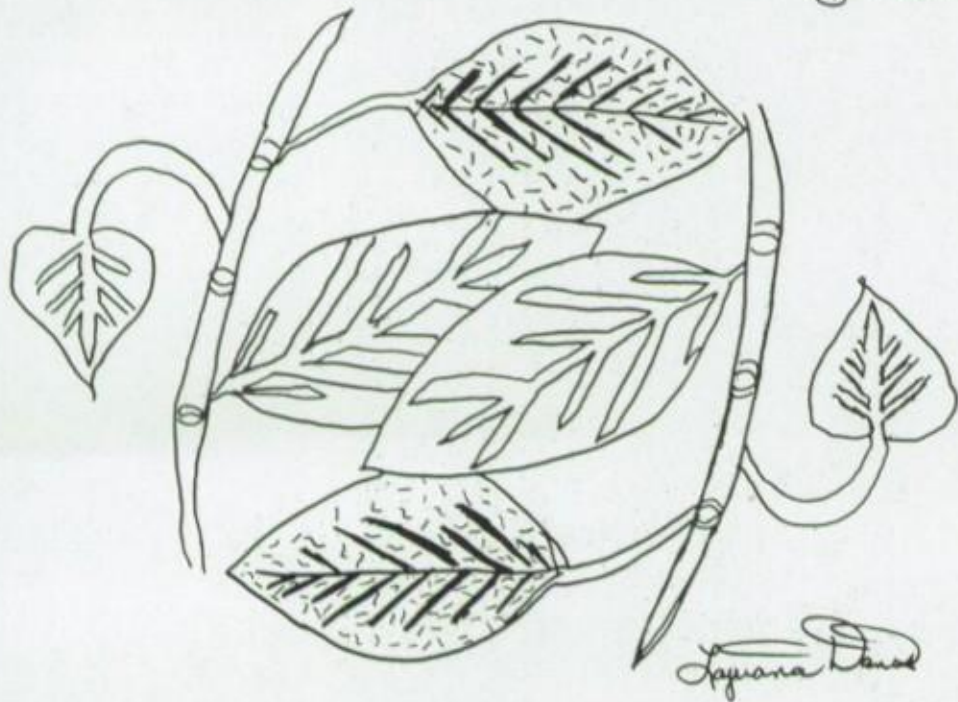




Roslyn Estrada



Ed Davis



Layana Dancel



Heather M. Lewis



Katrina Fy 871



Gerald Laurino



# W A L D E N



# D A N C E S

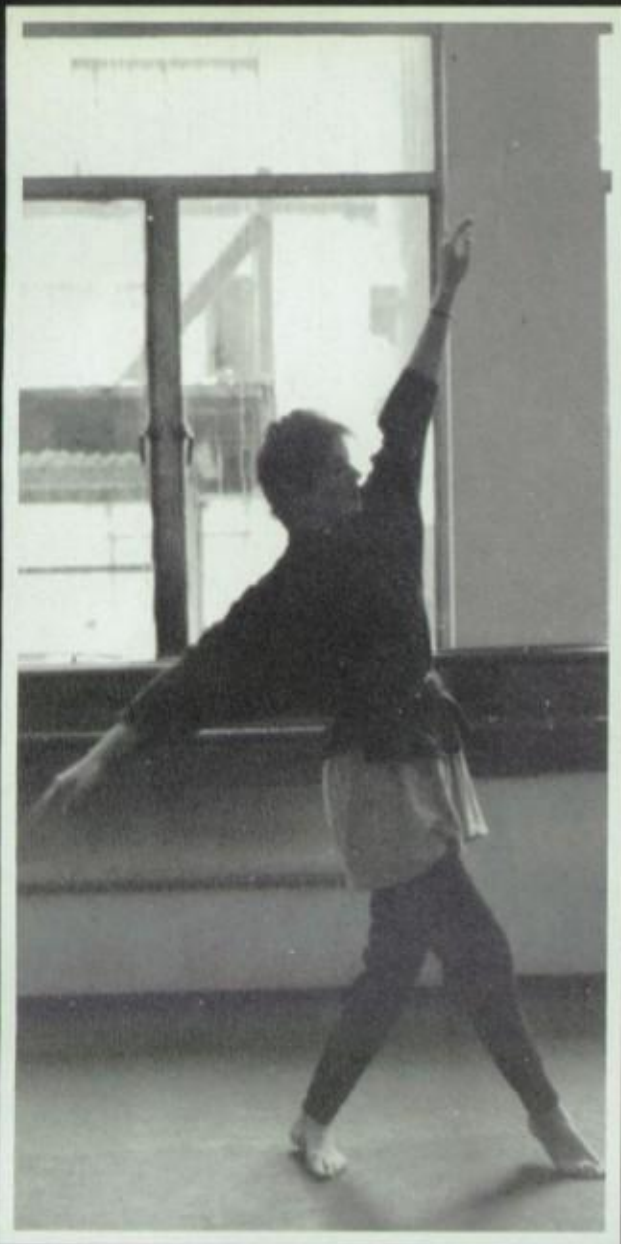


Bonnie, Natasha, Kristin ↑

↓ Justine and Rebecca



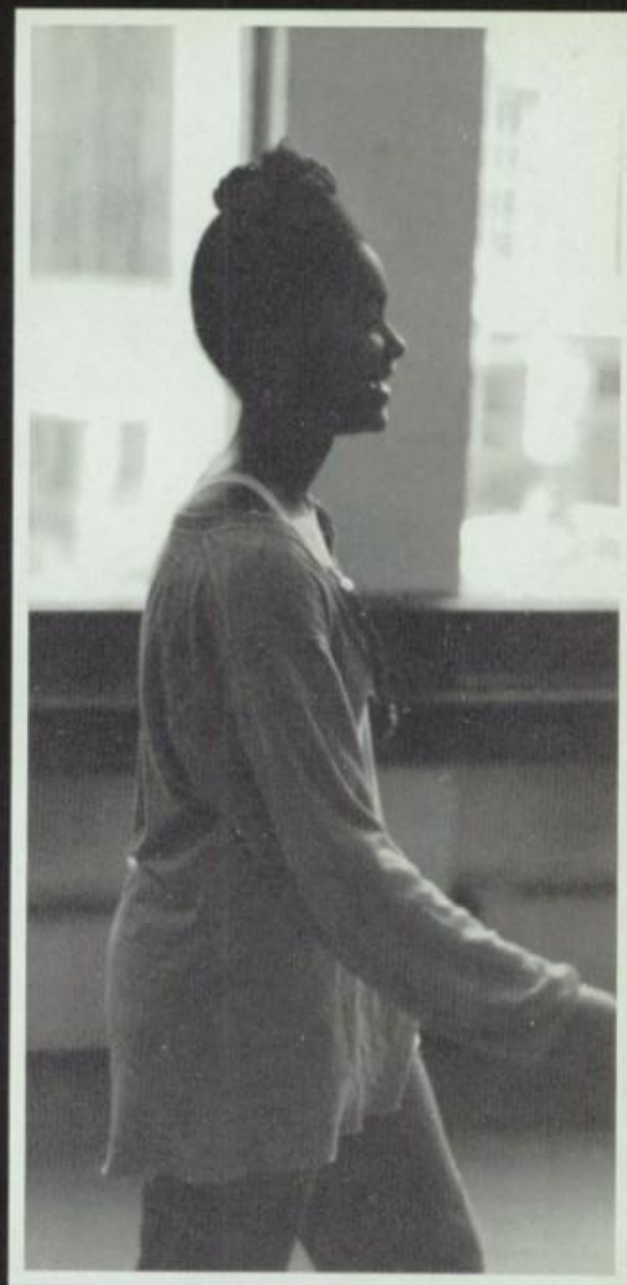




Teacher: Bonnie Brown



Anne

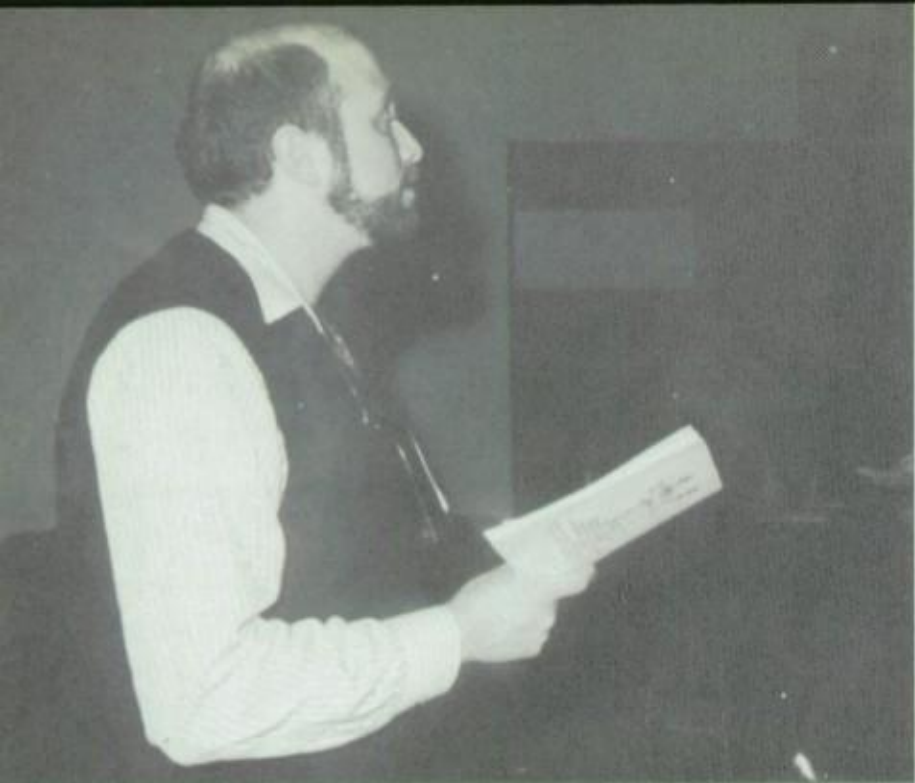


Kristin

Brett







Bruce Caro



Nick and Jimol

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Above, back row (left to right): Suzy, Natasha, Anne, Shaileen, Brett. Front row: Jenny and Katrina. Below right: Bruce and Jenny. Below left: Katrina and Natasha.







Facing camera, from left to right - John McFaul, Brett Astor, Natasha Page-Levin.

# ROFA WOAF: revival of the first annual walden one act festival

The Walden Theatre Presents

**ROFA WOAF '87**

(Revival of the First Annual Walden One Act Festival)

excerpts from

**TRIPPER'S PEOPLE** (1949)

by Jules Feiffer

(Cast in order of appearance)

Katrina Fried	Susan Changar
Todd Rones	John McFaul
Brett Astor	Ned McDonald
Simon Levenson	Natasha Page-Levin
Nicholas Leichter	Jennifer Miller

**ROTTSCHELL** (1948)

by Terrance McNally

Wayne	Jarrett Keith Horowitz
Stu	John McFaul
Man	Nicholas Leichter

**"MOMMA AS SHE BECAME - BUT NOT AS SHE WAS"** (1948)

by John Ruchy

Momma	Lori King
Son	Todd Rones
Daughter	Susan Changar

\*\*\*\*\*

ROFA WOAF will be performed without intermission.

**THE LOVELY MACHINES** (1947)

by Jules Feiffer

Narrator	Anne Lockee
Walter	Ned McDonald
The Lonely Machine	Colleen Vollen

and more from

**TRIPPER'S PEOPLE** and **HOLD ME!**

(Cast in order of appearance)

Natasha Page-Levin	John McFaul
Nicholas Leichter	Katrina Fried
Jennifer Miller	Jarrett Keith Horowitz

from "AMERICA NURRAN"

**INTERVIEW** (1946)

a fugue for eight actors  
by Jean-Claude Van Itallie

First Interviewer	Katrina Fried
First Applicant	Ned McDonald
Second Applicant	Lajuana Davis
Third Applicant	Nicholas Leichter
Fourth Applicant	Brett Astor
Second Interviewer	Todd Rones
Third Interviewer	Jennifer Miller
Fourth Interviewer	Natasha Page-Levin

\*\*\*\*\*

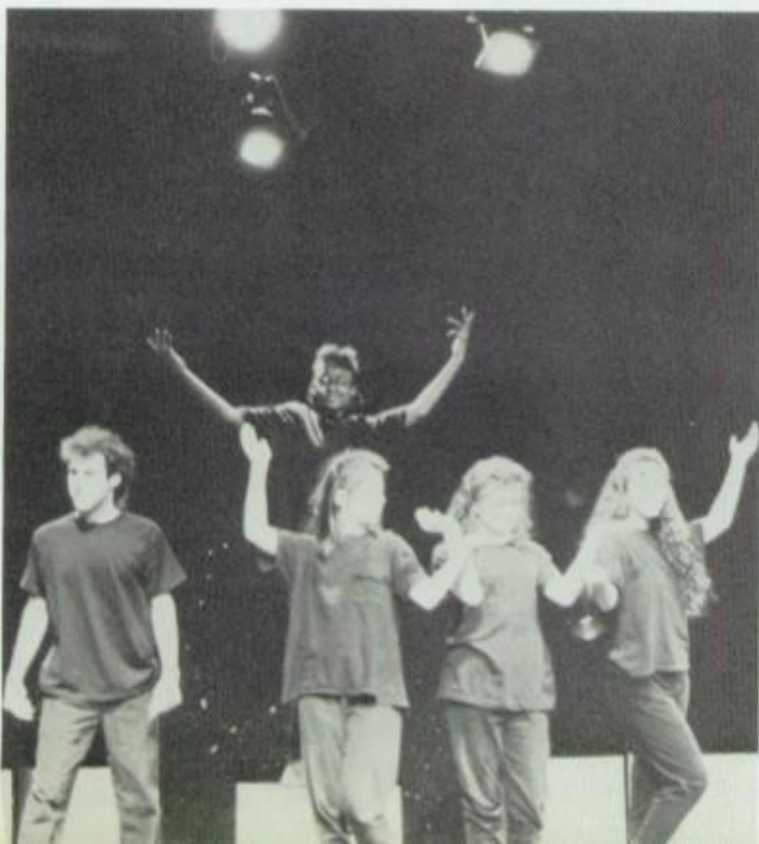
Directed by

BRUCE CARO

Scenic & Lightings Design ..... Marc B. Molanud  
Production Assistant ..... Theresa Molanud  
ROFA WOAF Crew: Ted Hovity, Michele Markovitz, Nadley Hudson, Adam Jacobs, Erik Aanesco, Jason Gross & Sean Casey

Below left, from left to right Todd Rones, Katrina Fried, Jennifer Miller and Brett Astor, back row standing: Lajuana Davis.

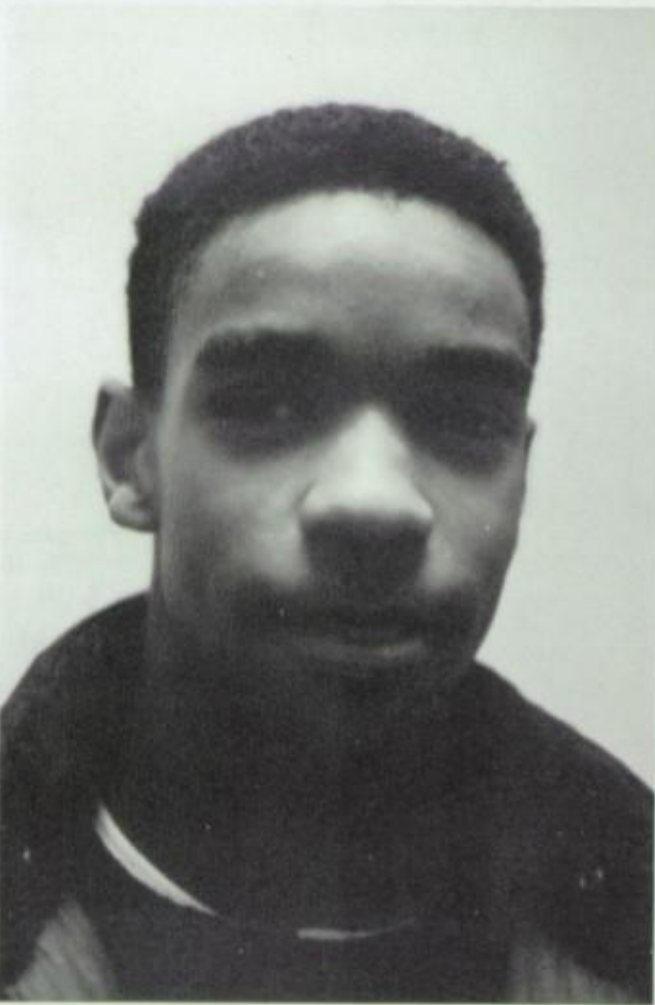
Bottom right, from left: Brett Astor, Natasha Page-Levin, Nicholas Leichter, Jennifer Miller, Lajuana Davis, Todd Rones, Ned McDonald, Katrina Fried.















discom



ulations







→ ELI ← TANYA & PHIL



← SASCHA →  
ALISON  
TOGETHER  
AGAIN

JENNY  
PHIL & SARAH ↓

# H O H U M

DANA  
REIMER  
MS. PA ↓







lunch time





# WALDEN



# SPORTS





"You mean you're supposed to play with both legs?"



Top row, from left to right: Andrew Sprenkle, Alexa Fernandez, Jason Gross, Randi Ostro, Sarah Gillen (captain), Simon Levenson, John McFaul, Sean Casey, Eli Levine (coach). First row: Bielka Tortorelli, Anne Rieber, Saahir Lone, Adam Jacobs, Erik Asness. Absent: Nadira Abduls-Salam.

# W A L D E N

Despite the win/loss record, this year's soccer team was a tremendous success. Our players worked their feet to the bone (without benefit of orthopedics). Thus they learned a great deal in a very short time. Every member of the team improved, at such a pace, even beyond expectations. The persevering and suffering Walden spirit came through, while all of the players worked hard to become the team worthy of the pride of the entire Walden community.

Eli Levine





# S O C C E R



Adam Jacobs defends our goal



Walden dribbles



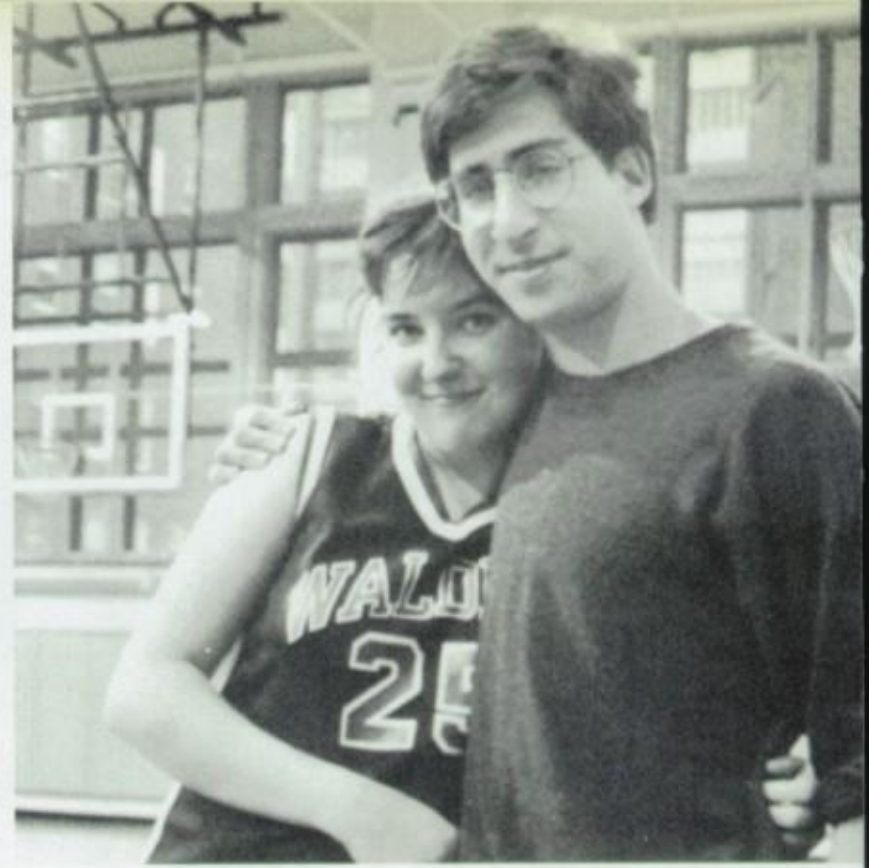
"Scrimmage anyone?" from left to right: Alexa Fernandez, Randi Ostro, Jason Gross (partially hidden), Sarah Gillen, Eli Levine, Adam Jacobs, Simon Levenson, Erik Asness (partially hidden), Sean Casey, Bielka Tortorelli (very much hidden), and John McFaul.

HALF



TIME







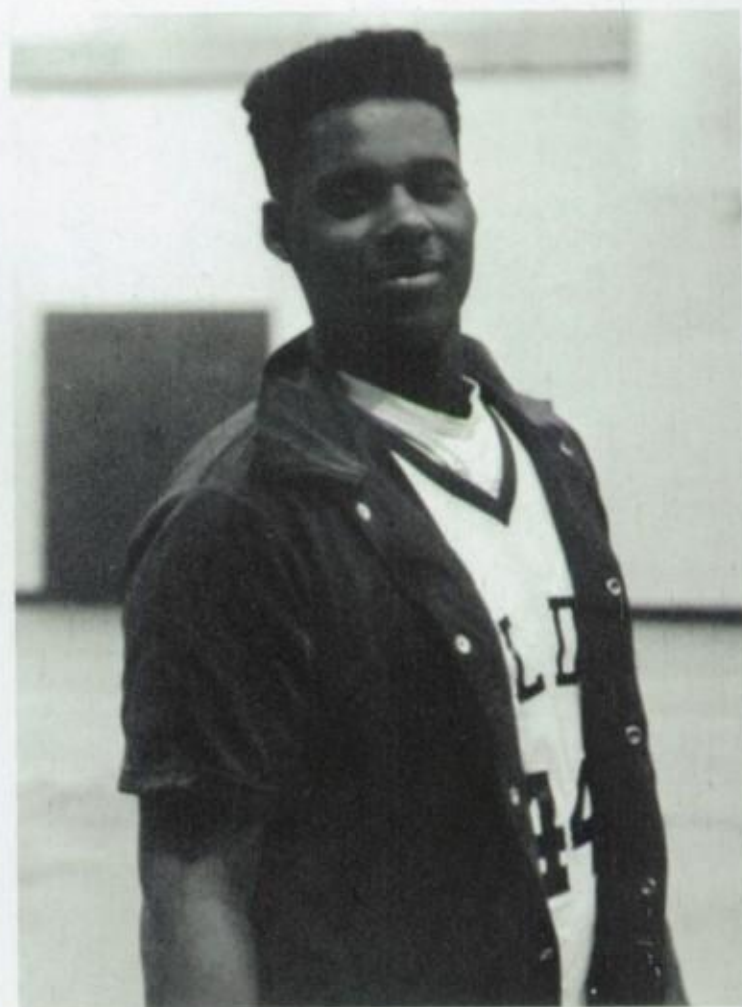
# GIRLS' VARSITY BASKETBALL



Standing (left to right): Eli Levine (coach), Michele Markowitz, Nikki Harry, Nadira Abdus-Salam. Kneeling: Sarah Gillen, Carla Thomas (co-captains). Not in picture: Jennifer Webb and Heather Mc Elroy.









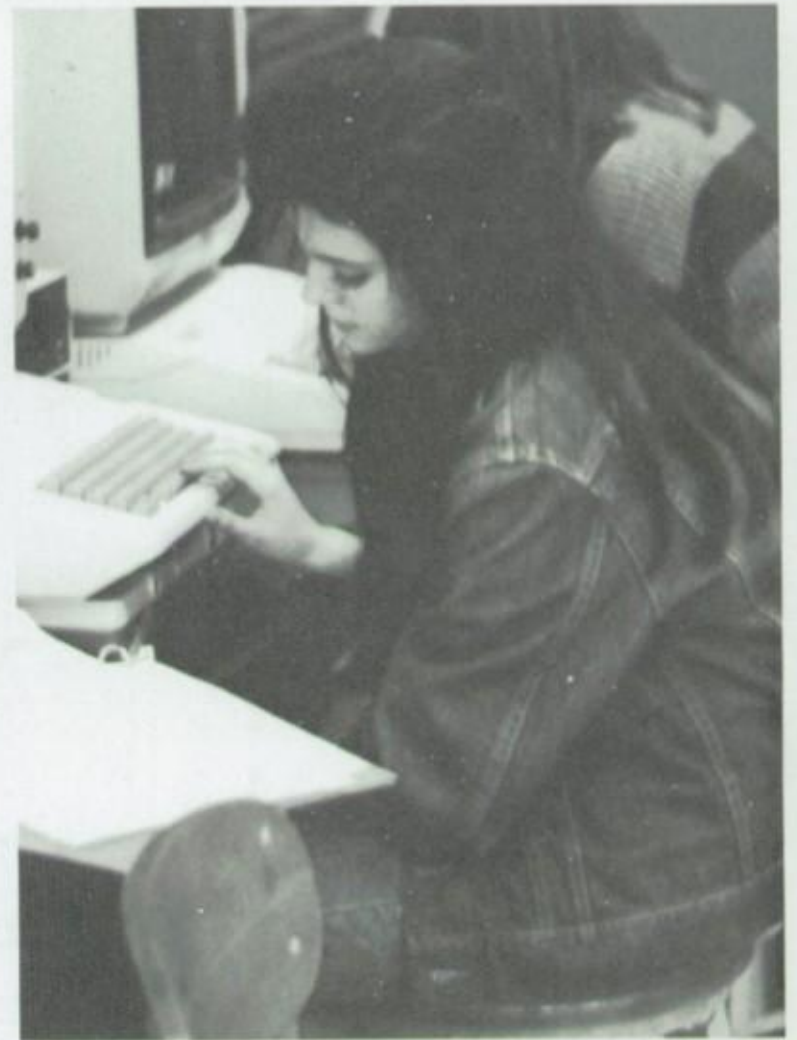
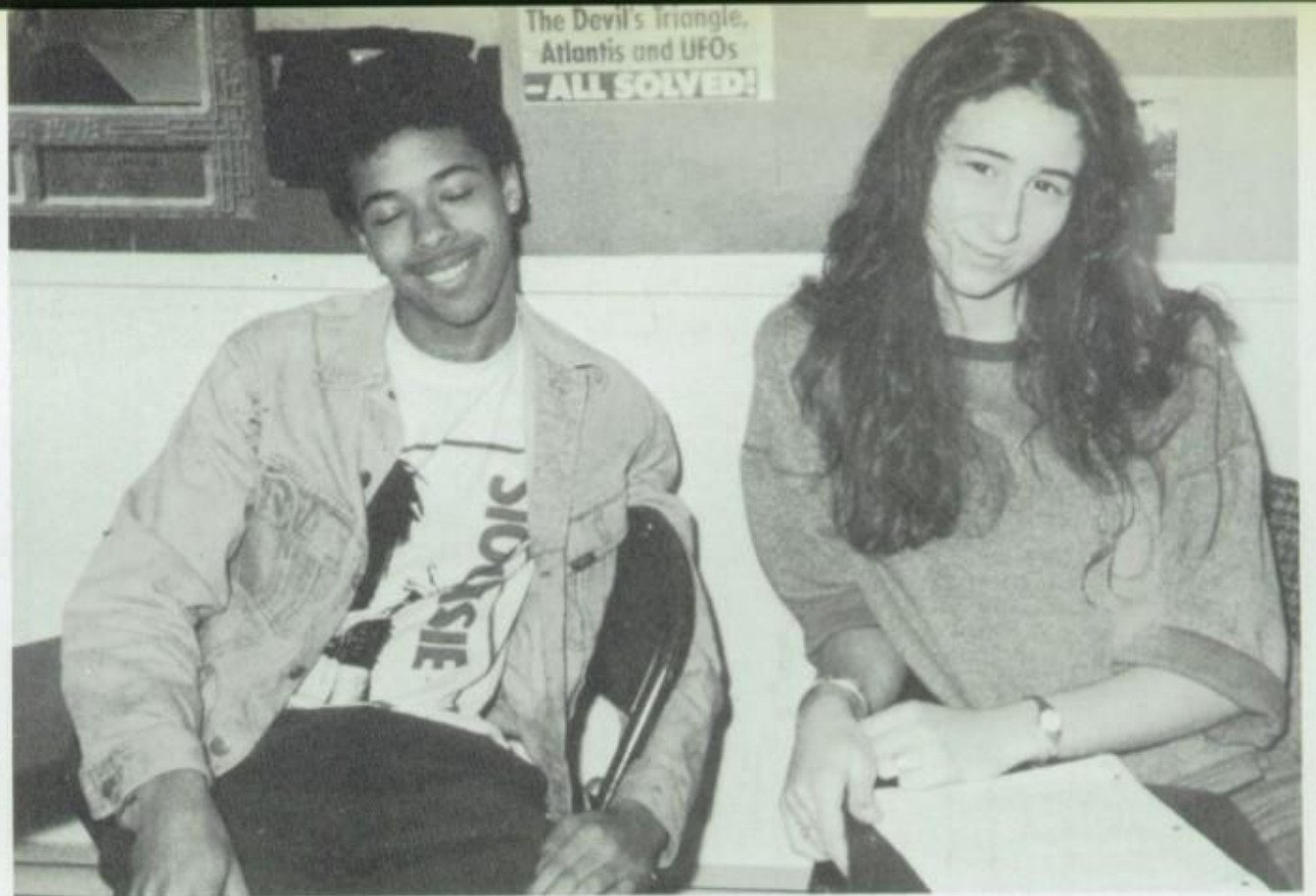
# BOYS' VARSITY BASKETBALL



Back row, from left to right: Alison Dilling (manager), Sascha Lewis, Chris Stern, Phil Jenoure, Simon Levenson, William Keh, Eli Levine (substitute coach). Bottom row, kneeling: Adam Jacobs, David Leiter, and Ned McDonald. Not in picture: coach Jim Mattel, Erich Litoff.

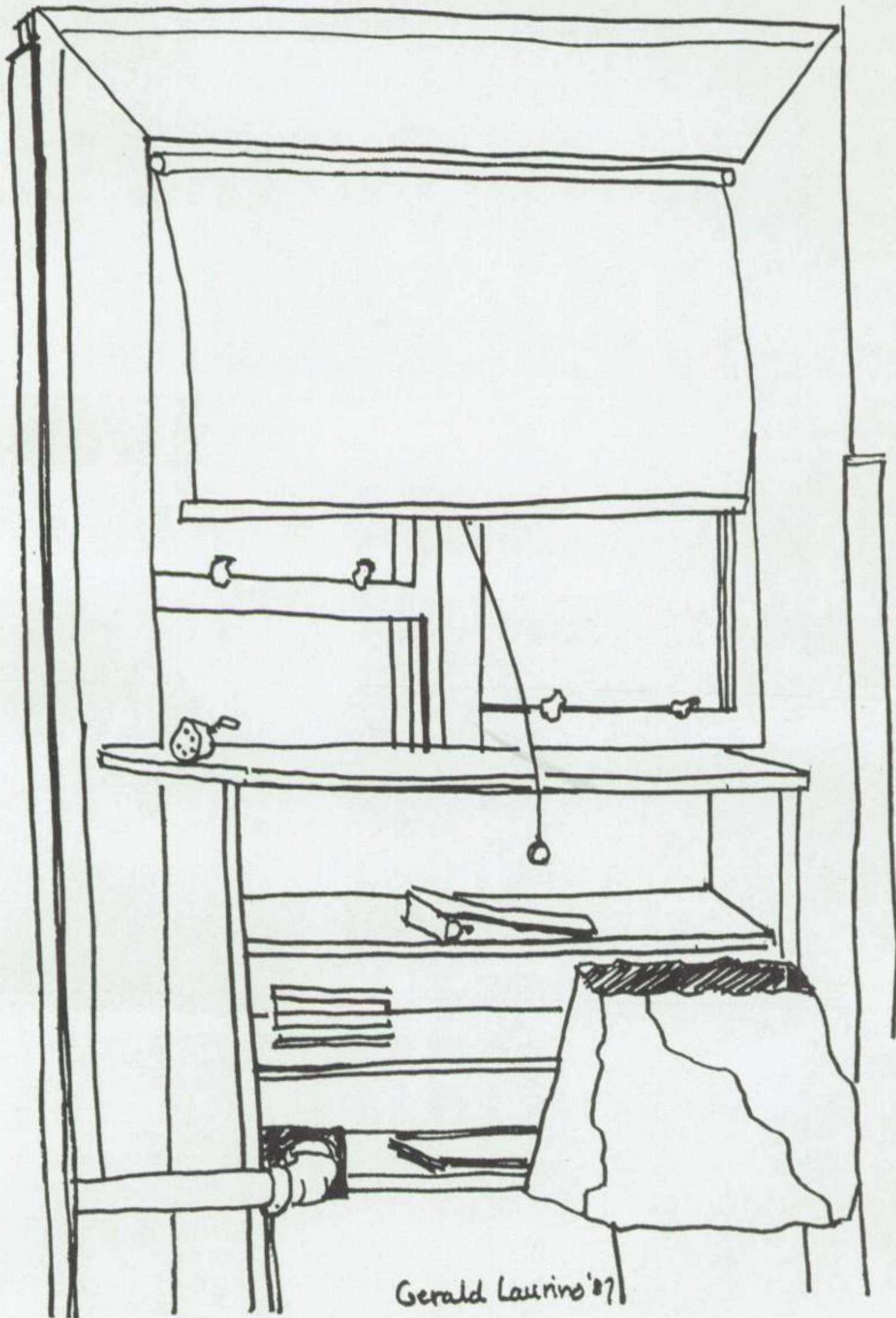








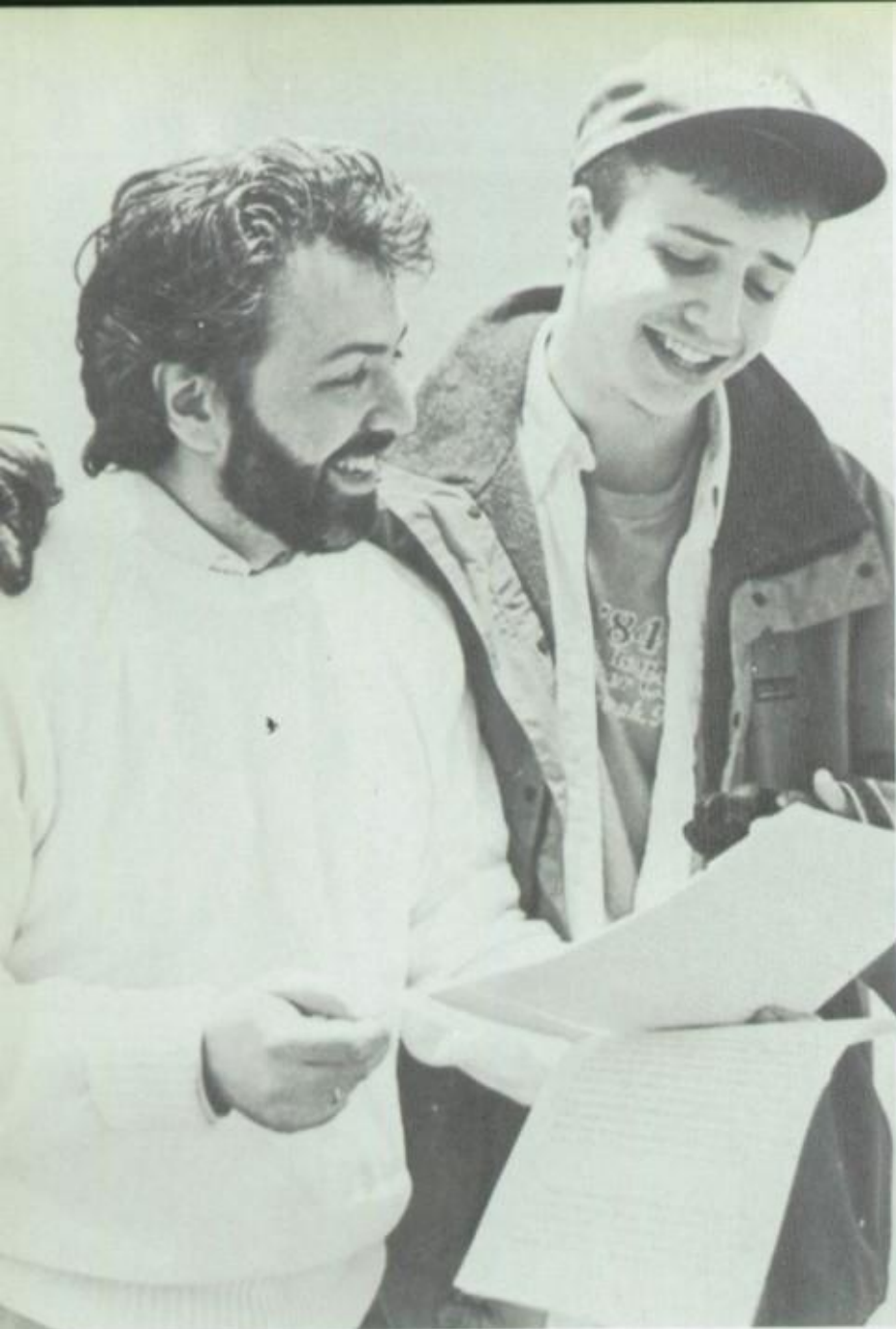
# ADMINISTRATION



Gerald Laurino '87

# & GOVERNMENT





Joe Ligamarri instructs Sascha Lewis in the art of fundraising.



Jane Brent



Debbie Fabian

Leah Bramante



Walden Director Richard Marotta







Pam Benning

Margot Hammond & Kay  
Assistant Director of LS



Clockwise: Evelyn McLain (Director of MS), Yael Septee (Ass't Director and college guidance counselor), Kay Joseph (Director of LS), Richard Marotta.



Joe and Yael

Barbara Zinkant





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Ovidio



Librarian Martha Cox







Some members of the Board of Trustees: Jonnet Abeles, Matt Rosen, Richard Marotta, and Frank Steindler.

# OUR TOWN MEETS

by Saahir Lone

To those of us who have benefitted from the "Walden Experience," whether as students, teachers or other members of staff, we feel strongly about certain unique qualities essential and peculiar to Walden. For students, much of the beauty of Walden is the nature of the relationships between teachers and themselves as is their voice and input into the constitution of their studies and how they develop school policy.

A part of the notion of "school democracy" is the Town Meeting. Walden holds that such assemblies are vital to our culture. These assemblies give students a chance to hold an open dialogue on issues of importance, and the presence of teachers, coordinators and directors insures the premise that students' inquiries, observations, and criticisms alike are taken seriously.

Students have tackled, most memorably, the problem of non-communication between our student government and the School Board. Recently, newer young students voiced their concern over the alienation they perceived to exist between them and older students. Their alertness and admirable concern is a wonderful sign. At a time when Walden is recuperating from a disorienting move, and students seem to be less interested in holding assemblies, to see our younger students foster concern means something important.

Despite the infrequency of the Town Meetings, I believe that director Richard Marotta's concept of looking to Walden's future is well qualified by the consciousness, apparent most clearly in assemblies and meetings, of our younger generation.



# ADIEU TO BETTY TILLAR

Betty Tillar, the dedicated high school secretary and friend of Walden students and faculty for the past twenty-one years, retired to be with her husband, Bill, who recently retired, too, from the public school system. They plan to travel and spend lots of time with each other together. Her friendliness and gentle smile during the years we have been in the high school were such that the class of '88 wants to dedicate our yearbook to Betty. In expressing our gratitude to her we also are saddened by her departure. Our interview with her reveals a persona having the charm of the English countryside.

Betty grew up in London, England, where she attended the Coburn School for Girls, which was quite a different setting from the Walden School. Suggests Betty, "School was very strict. We had to wear uniforms and received demerits for eating in the streets and sitting with our knees apart or our legs uncrossed." Students had to stand and say, "Good morning, ma'am (or sir)" to any adult who visited the class. Betty remembers a system of corporal punishment, "and the wearing of uniforms even during the beginning of the war when school children carried gas-masks to school and where the windows were all boarded up."

Betty met her husband in England during the Second World War, and in 1956, with her husband, moved to New York, where she worked temporarily as a secretary here and there. In November 1966, Betty started "temporarily" as a business secretary to Nate Levine, who was then the director of the school.

In 1966 the high school was located on 91st St., near Riverside Drive, whereas the lower and middle schools were in the old Progress Club building on the corner of 88th St. and Central Park West. Betty recalls that there was no lobby to the business offices which were located in a trailer. Betty added, "There was much isolation. The students were in one place and the teachers in another." Betty held this job for two years, and then worked for Dick Leonard, who was the development officer.

After eight years installed at 91st St., during which time the high school principals were Annette Liberson (who later became director of the school) and Phineas Anderson, the Andrew Goodman building was constructed and the high school moved back to 88th St. in 1973. The high school, ensconced in the 91st St. premises had a smaller student population. With the move to 88th St. Betty remarked, "the population increased, but so did the disorganization." Betty liked the smaller atmosphere, and she added, "Walden is a funny place - people complain. It is like a family: warm and cantankerous. It is something to work here, and the people who work here are great and the students are great." Dan Hill, high school principal from '76 - '78, asked Betty to work with him as high school secretary, which delighted Betty, as, "all the high school students had been in Walden for some time. For the faculty this was a real family affair; students are their kids." From then on, Betty identified herself with the high school.

Betty thinks that Richard Marotta, who was recently appointed full director, will be very good for the school. Betty worked for Richard when he was high school coordinator these last eight years.

When asked what her plans are, Betty replied, "I really don't know. I wished I knew. In the Spring we will travel, a lot of travelling. I like the sun." Yet, they will travel to Cape Cod and to London, although, "everything is still much in the air." However, if we know Betty, she will knit, cook for her adored and adorable grandchildren, help market her husband's art (he's a very fine artist), and continue to be the stylish, attractive woman we've appreciated these many years.

Betty, you were always a tremendous help to us sinners. You greeted us every morning with a smile. You often let us use the high school typewriter to correct the mistakes on our papers (always due two or three days before coming to you), and you always were a supplier of paper and pencils and magic-markers. When things went wrong we knew we could come to you, and that somehow you would intercede.

When asked if she had anything to add, Betty replied, "I really will miss everyone." Thank you, Betty, it's reciprocal.

Kristin Carpenter





# TO ADMINISTRATION, FACULTY, AND THE BOARD:

In recent history, the biggest challenge facing Walden has been its division into two buildings; one on 88th street, the other on 89th. The change in our structure had been planned and anticipated for years, and only in its imminence and eventual evolution did the reality become apparent to those most directly affected: the students. While, for students, the move was reasonably straightforward, Walden's Board of Trustees and administrators had to deal with countless technicalities and difficulties in directing the move and it is to them that this writing is dedicated.

Just one of the indications of the difficulty in co-ordinating the school's split was the delay in the process. Originally, the Board had hoped to have completed the process by September in anticipation of students' return from summer, but complications kept the effort staggering. Meanwhile, needing a permanent director, the Board voted to confirm Richard Marotta as director in a December meeting. Of Richard, Matthew A. Rosen, Board President, said, "He has mastered the complex business and real estate issues before us, mobilized all of our human resources, and made great strides to strengthen Walden."

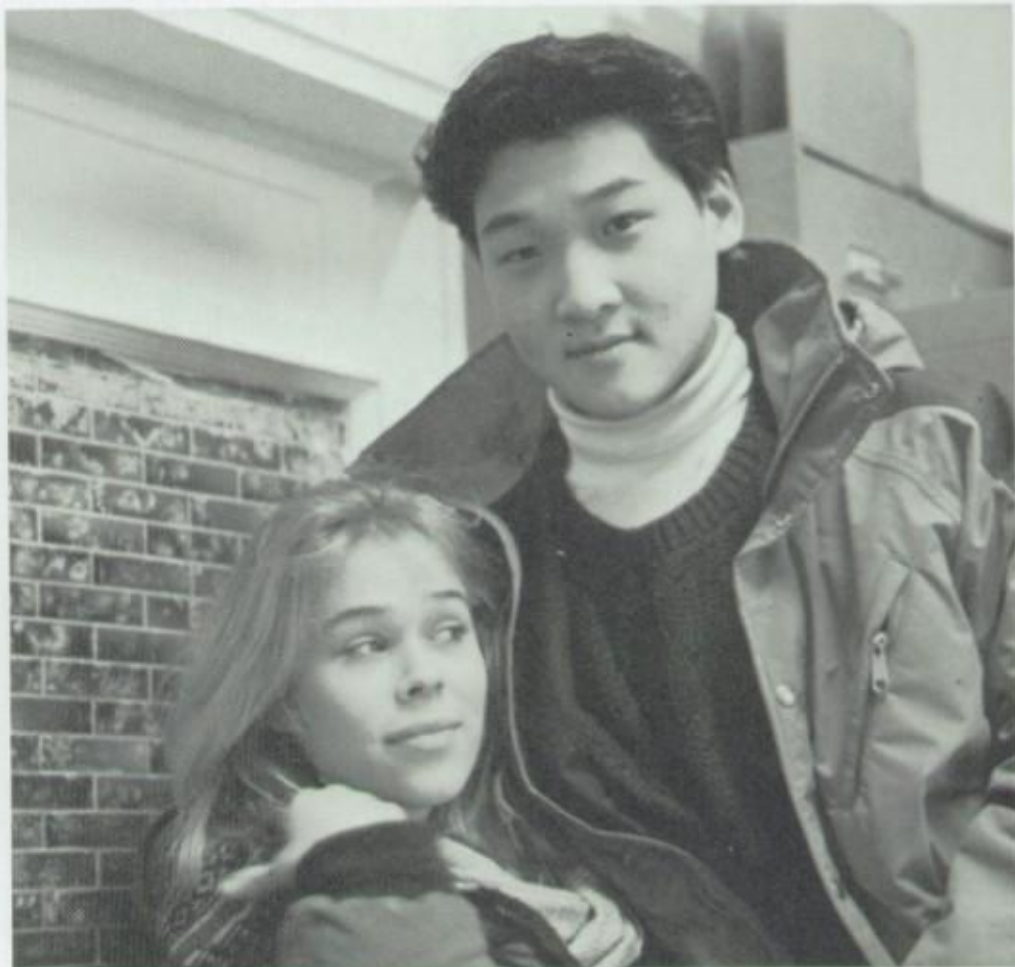
Richard took full advantage of his conformation to smooth the changeover. As someone in the midst of the activity in the buildings he could (as usual), oversee the work and officiate on all kinds of developments, crisis, and the like. In the new building, fire alarms had to be installed before students could enter. There was also some remaining minor structural work, and eventually a security system had to be installed (prompted by two break-ins).

As it now stands, Walden has a two year lease on the new property, with an option for a year's renewal. What will likely become Walden's mainstay, the building on 88th street, will have to re-accommodate us after our lease expires. By the time we return, the building will be, of course, somewhat different. None of the classes will face Central Park West, but will overlook 88th street and the court of St. Urban. There does, though, "Appear to be more room than originally thought," says art teacher Stephen Ettinger, "and the space is more fluid." Steve Ettinger has closely followed the particulars of the move. It appears that some portions of the building will be reworked — for example, there will be a new cafeteria, a faculty lounge, activities room, and common room.

But, for the High School students at least, all these aspects of change are already a part of our history. The Board continues its strenuous work in conjunction with school administrators to insure a trouble-free future for Walden. One of the manifestations of the strain may be the Board's decision to expand itself from the present 17 members to 25, a decision also agreed to at the December meeting. In addition, the Board has also announced its goals for the year. It states that it is committed to advancing a "Long Range Plan" for Walden's future. It also is pledging to "re-explore and renew our educational philosophy." Assuming they pursue such an agenda as zealously as they have struggled with Walden's current difficulties, the goals will be easily achieved.

Saahir Lone





TO THE CLASS  
OF 1989, WITH  
MUCH LOVE,  
THE  
CLASS OF 1988





NATASHA TABORI FRIED  
editor-in-chief

ALISON DILLING  
assistant editor

ALISON DEE  
photo editor

INGRID SIMON  
business manager

WILLIAM KEH  
assistant photo editor

SAAHIR LONE  
artist/correspondent

JENNIFER WEBB  
assistant business manager

Special Thanks To  
THE STAFF

JENNIFER WEBB, for her photographs, SASCHA LEWIS, for his assistance with layout and type, SARAH GILLEN, for the soccer and girls' basketball layout, KRISTIN CARPENTER, for coordinating literature, & KIRSTIN SHANK, for coordinating artwork.

Additional Thanks To

Lisa DeRuitter, for the baby picture layout, Michele Markowitz, Carla Thomas, Krissy Gentile, Richard Marotta, Phil Blocklyn, our publishing company representative, Linda Tuck (especially for the use of her typewriter), Barbara Zinkant, Daniel Gettleman, a Walden Alumnus who designed our cover, The maintenance staff, Joe Ligamarri, Sheila Wood, Marty Sternstein, all those members of the faculty and administration who have helped, and especially

STEPHEN ETTINGER  
faculty advisor

To those very few who went far beyond what they could have, sacrificing their time, energy, and very often their sanity; it was your care that completed this book. You know who you are. I think I speak for myself, as well as the class of 1988, when I say thank you.

Natasha

Clockwise: Ingrid, Alison Dee, Saahir, Jennifer, Natasha, Alison Dilling, Sascha. Not in picture: William, Steve.





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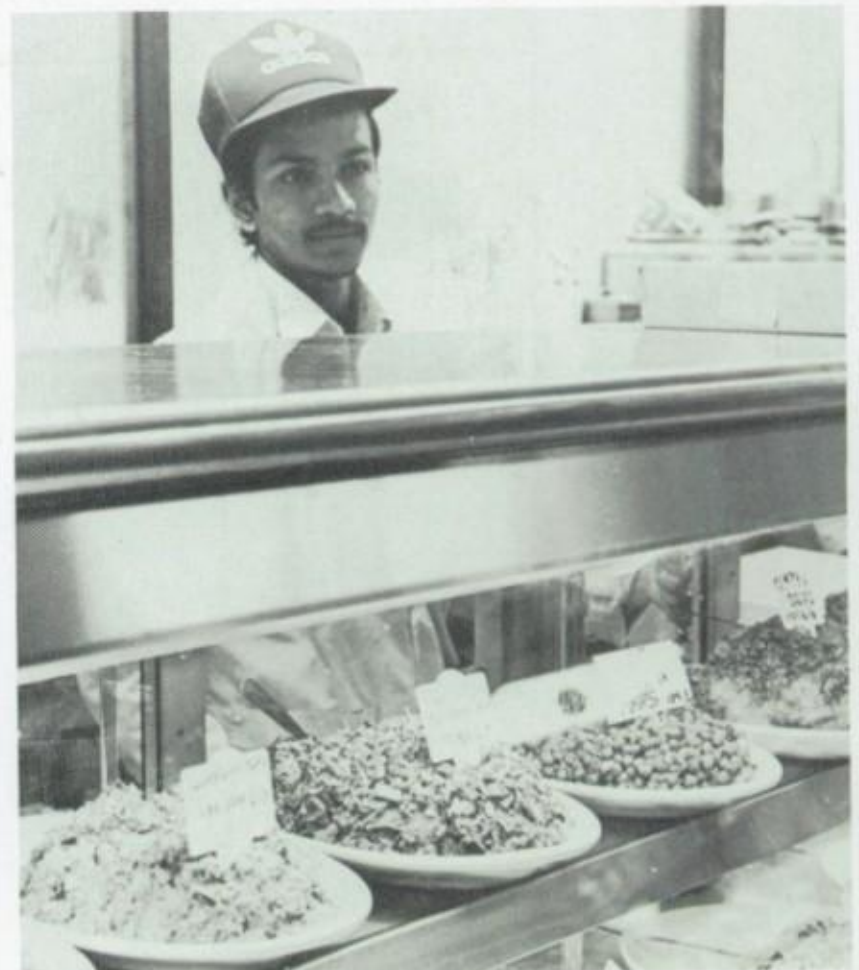
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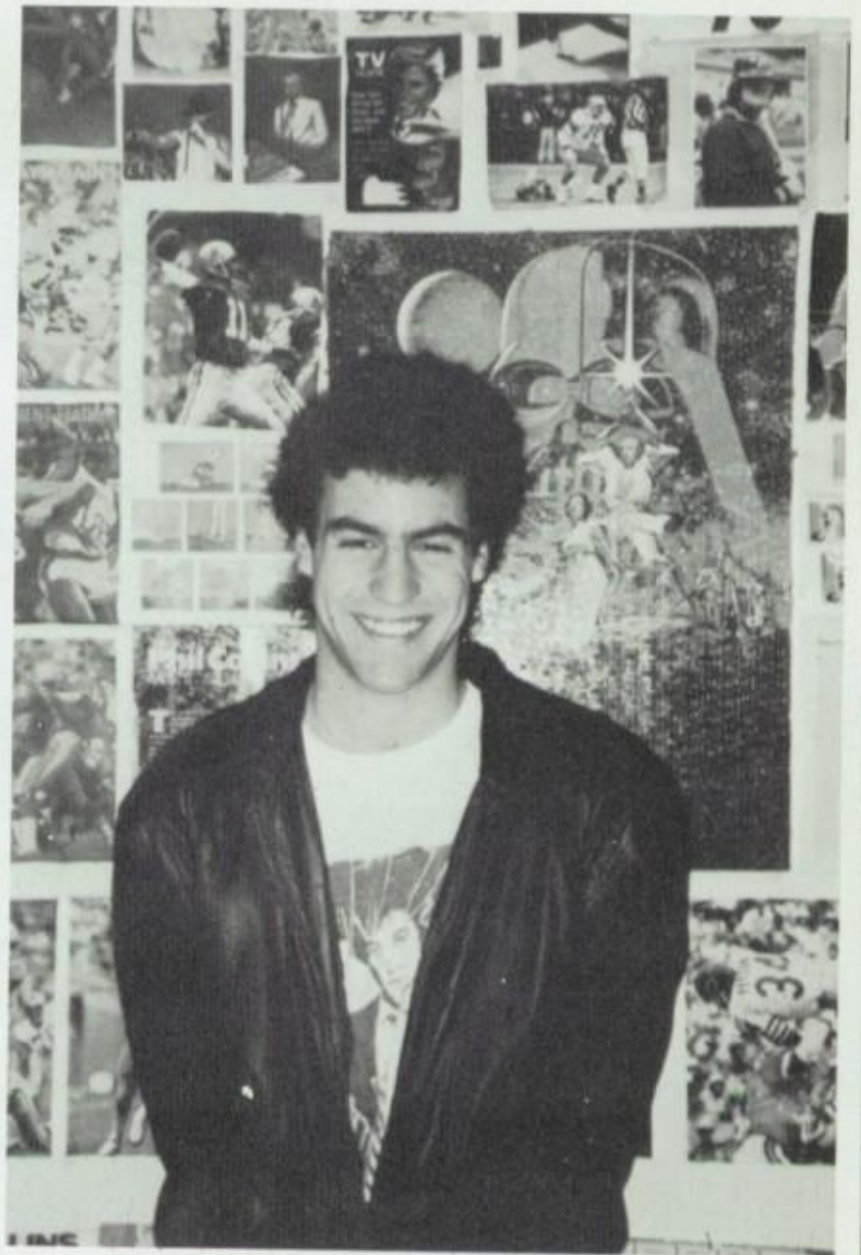


**"CHANGES"**

**TODD  
FROM 1970 To 1987**



LOVE  
MOM &  
DAD



**CARLA**

Happiness - sharing everyday affairs with us, understanding our cares, the apprehension of tender looks, gentle touches, a smile of comfort when you're blue, a warm embrace, a gentle kiss - are but a few of the treasures we have received from you.

Congratulations to our daughter and the class of 1988

"Stand up for what you believe in, because you can face anything."

Loving you always, MOM and DAD

*Congratulations*

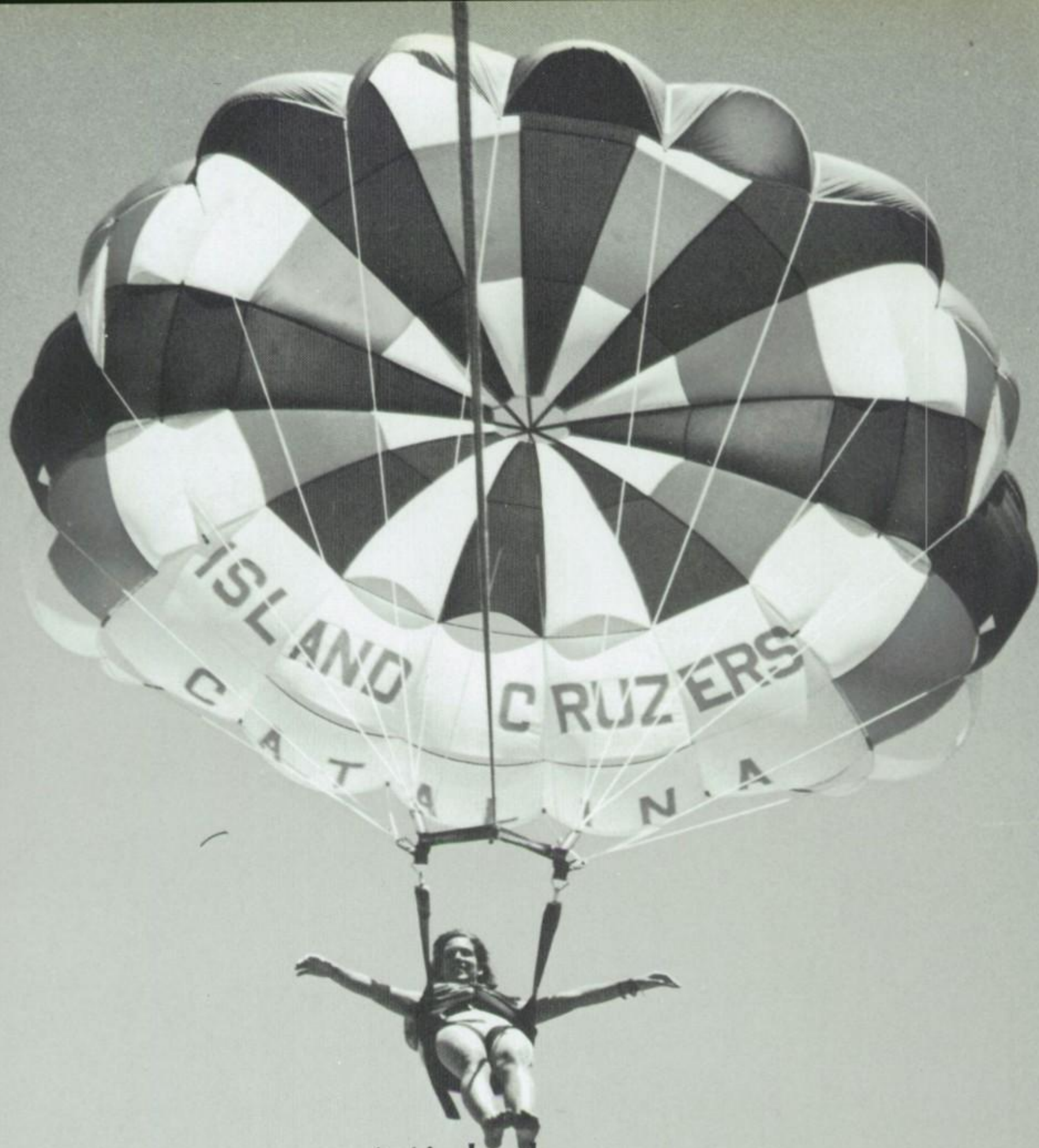
*Lisa*

*Life gets better  
every year, and  
you have helped  
make ours  
wonderful*

*Your friends/parents*

*Mom and Dad*





Michele

Always be a "Free Spirit"-  
We're proud of you and we love you!  
HAPPY GRADUATION

MOM - DAD - MICHAEL

and

TRIPPER



CONGRATULATIONS TO  
**DENISE**

AND THE CLASS OF '88  
May the years that lie ahead bring  
to you

**PEACE and  
CONTENTMENT**

in whatever profession you choose  
and  
in life, while striving for success,  
always achieve

**FAIRNESS, JUSTICE, and  
COMPASSION.**

God be with you always

**LOVE**  
MOM, DAD, and DIANNA



***CONGRATULATIONS  
TO THE  
CLASS OF 1988!  
Good Luck and  
Best Wishes***

---

***the Parents Association***



*"But such is the irresistible nature of truth  
that all it asks, and all it wants,  
is the liberty of appearing."*

*Thomas Paine*

# *Congratulations to the class of '88*

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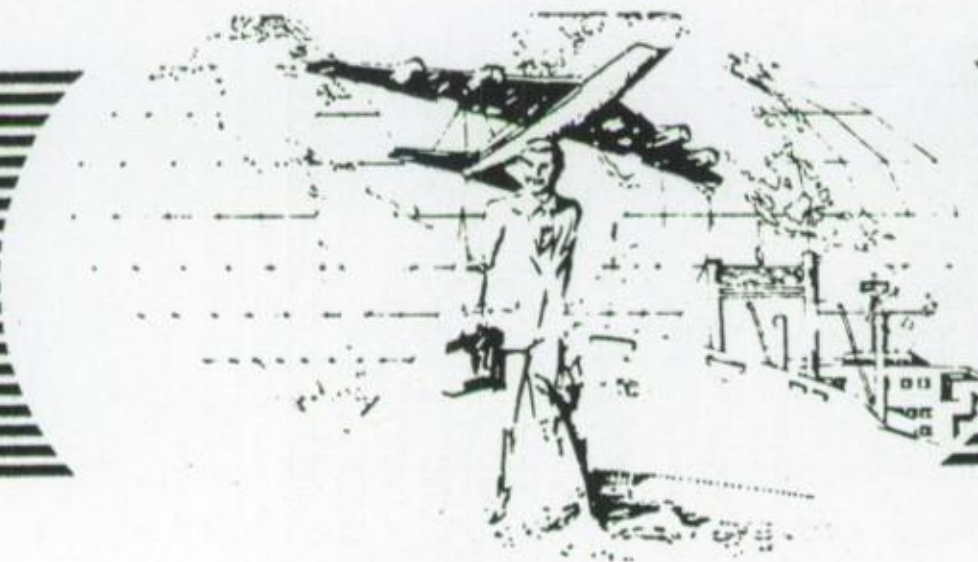
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AND HER CLASSMATES

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MOM AND DAD





Congratulations Ali!  
We love you and we're  
very proud

Mom, J, John,  
Megan, & Katie





Alison,  
You have made us so proud.  
Congratulations to you and your class of 1988.  
Love, Anne-Marie and Dad





THANK YOU  
WALDEN



**DANA**  
**3 - 8 - 1**  
**DAD, MOM**  
**TRACEY**  
**&**  
**GRANDMA**

BRETT, MY LOVE

You are a part of me.  
You are the last five  
years of my life.

Empty apartments, space park,  
the mall, the pizzeria, Prati,  
Garee's house, the 3 Muske-  
teers, punishments, the wall,  
the parents, driving, getting  
old, eros, rock-n-roll, the good  
times and the bad.

Sisters and friends, we've  
shared *so much*. I really don't  
know what I'd do without you.

Follow your Stairway (Led Zep)  
wherever it takes you and Nev-  
er lose faith in yourself. I won't.

Peace, Love, and Happiness  
through eternity.

MOLLY

BRETT

There ain't nothing I'd trade with  
a soul.  
I'm so proud of you!

Shine on my love, fly high!

I love you more than the universe.  
MOM

Om moni padme hum



Good day sunshine  
May the force be with you  
Thank God Almighty,  
I'm free at last.  
Be good,

Love,  
Arthur



# THE NATASHA FAN CLUB

ZIGGY

Tom Wilson

Tim Gray ♥

Ann Johnson

LELAND

GETT DRUMMOND

Nancy Cobb

John Ward

Min Doherty

Justica Jasty -

Union Luenson

Emil Zim

Rick Leichter -

Krissey Gentile -

♥ Mom ♥

Stephen Ettinger

Willa

Jennifer Webb

Isabel Miller

Allison McInnell

Yan Edith

Lee Hallgren

Willie Williams  
(grandmother)

Rage and David

Alison Dilling

Sasha Lewis

Kristin Carpenter

Christer

Roddy Hoff

Suzie Simon

June Ash

Love & kisses, Sunshine

Paul Malt

Cheryl

Marty Heruskin

CECILLE L.

Nikki Kalkines -

GOOD  
LUCK  
"TASHI"  
FROM ME  
AND YOUR  
OTHER NUMEROUS  
FANS !!



(please add extra pages as needed)



Dearest Natasha,



WE R A F-M-L-E 4-F-R N F-R

Love,

Mom, Katrina, and Moa



To Sarah  
our  
*Dearest Little Blossom*



*Like the White Queen  
in Wonderland, you often start your days  
with as many as six impossible ideas be-  
fore breakfast. Then, reaching for the impos-  
sible, you go out to achieve the  
possible.*

*You are our gift to the world.  
With Love,*

*Mommy*

*Daddy*

*Alaric*

*Vicki*

*David*

*Uncle Jim*

*Ben*

*Charlie*

*Billy*

*Susan*

*Perry*



# JENNIFER



*"How wonderful life is when you're in this world.*  
- Elton John

*All our love always,  
Mom, Dad, Judith, Grandmas, Grandpas and Blue*



# THANK YOU:

RICHARD, BOB, CECILLE, DON, ELI, GRACIELA, MARTY, STEVE, SUE, YAEI



*Phillip Jenoure,  
You have potential  
for great success.  
Let's do it.  
Dad.*

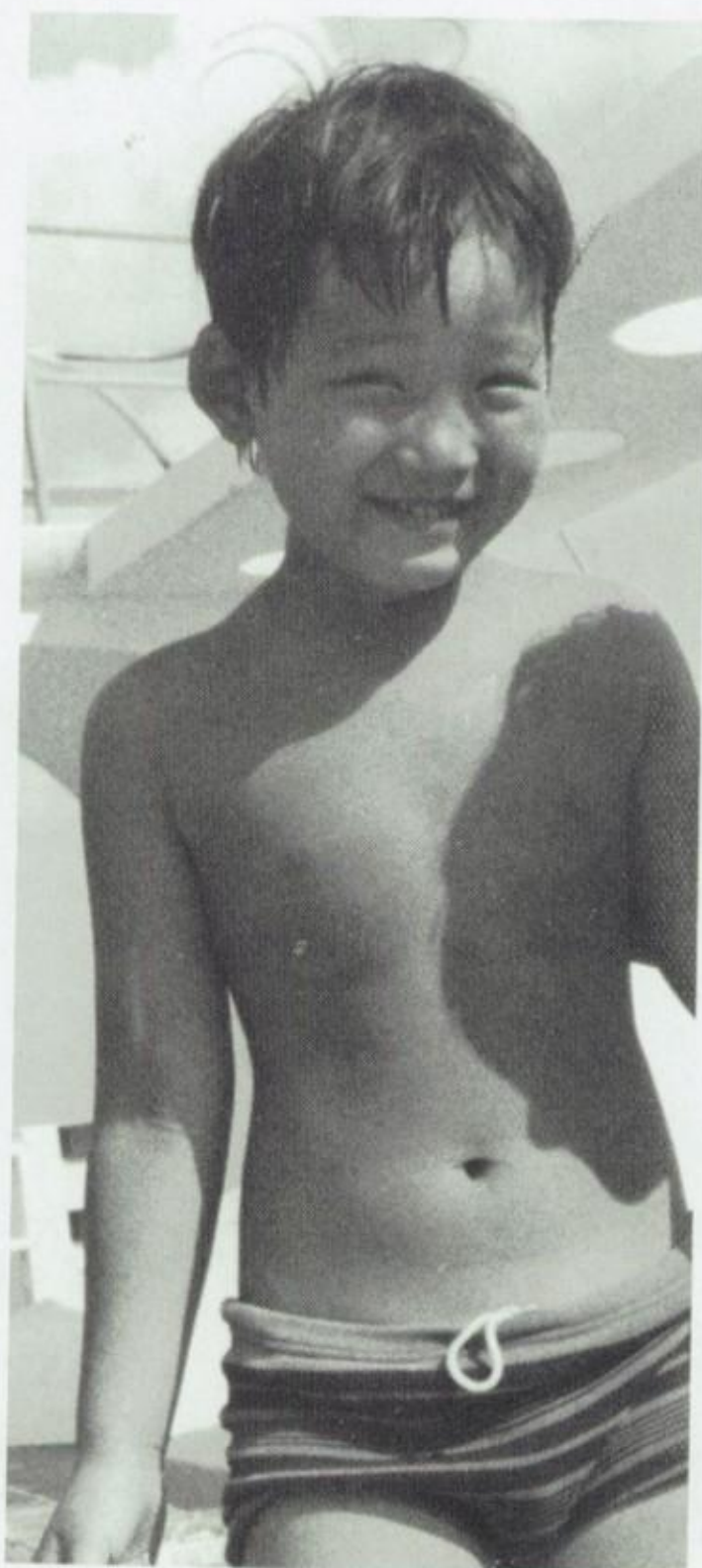
and **the**  
thank you Walden **LONES**

TO  
AMY WILLIAMS  
ALL THE BEST  
BE PREPARED  
TRUST YOURSELF  
LOVE  
MOM  
&  
JULIUS C.

CONGRATULATIONS  
TO THE  
CLASS OF '88  
from  
the  
BURNS FAMILY



William,  
what else is there to say ??????



we love you,  
Mom, John, and Dad



*From Small*

*To Big*



*To a realization of all you can be . . .  
All our support and respect  
and Love  
and Best Wishes  
and Hope for You.*

*Love,  
Mom & Dad & Grandma & Grandpa & Aunt Lucy & Kate  
& Uncle Tom & Kevin & Esterina & Uncle Joe & Donna &  
Joel & Oma & Opa & Jared & Nina & everyone else you can  
think of.*



We Aim  
To Please



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of a Card Shoppe, Ltd.

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Paneralla's

To: Michele Hadley

Let's not forget:

Wednesday afternoons

Wild weekends

good times

Mellow weekends

bad times

waking up for gym

not waking up for gym

bugging out

and just plain hanging out

All in all

This calls for a time of  
commemoration and celebration

so

before we end and then begin

let's drink a toast to how it's been.

love always,

Janya





Dear Michele,  
We are very proud of you  
and we love you.

Congratulations to you  
and the class of '88.

Love,  
Mom, Dad  
Ruth, Glenn  
and Heidi.



KRISTIN

you've been our  
biggest investment  
now let's see it grow

JACKIE



CONGRATULATIONS

KRISTIN

and thanks Walden

DAD

Kristin



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**SUSIE**

every new hurdle in your life gives us a  
chance to see how far you can go.

love  
**MOM & DAD**



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# CONGRATULATIONS to **JENNIFER**

we're proud of all you've become

and are

looking forward to the future

**MUCH LOVE**

**MOM DAD ELISE**



*Congratulations  
to  
HADLEY  
and the Class of  
1988  
The Hudsons*

*To Sascha  
With all our love  
from  
Your proud family*

*Dear Daniele,  
Way to go, Baby!  
It has been a long time,  
but it is not the end —  
just the beginning.*

*Love,  
Mom*

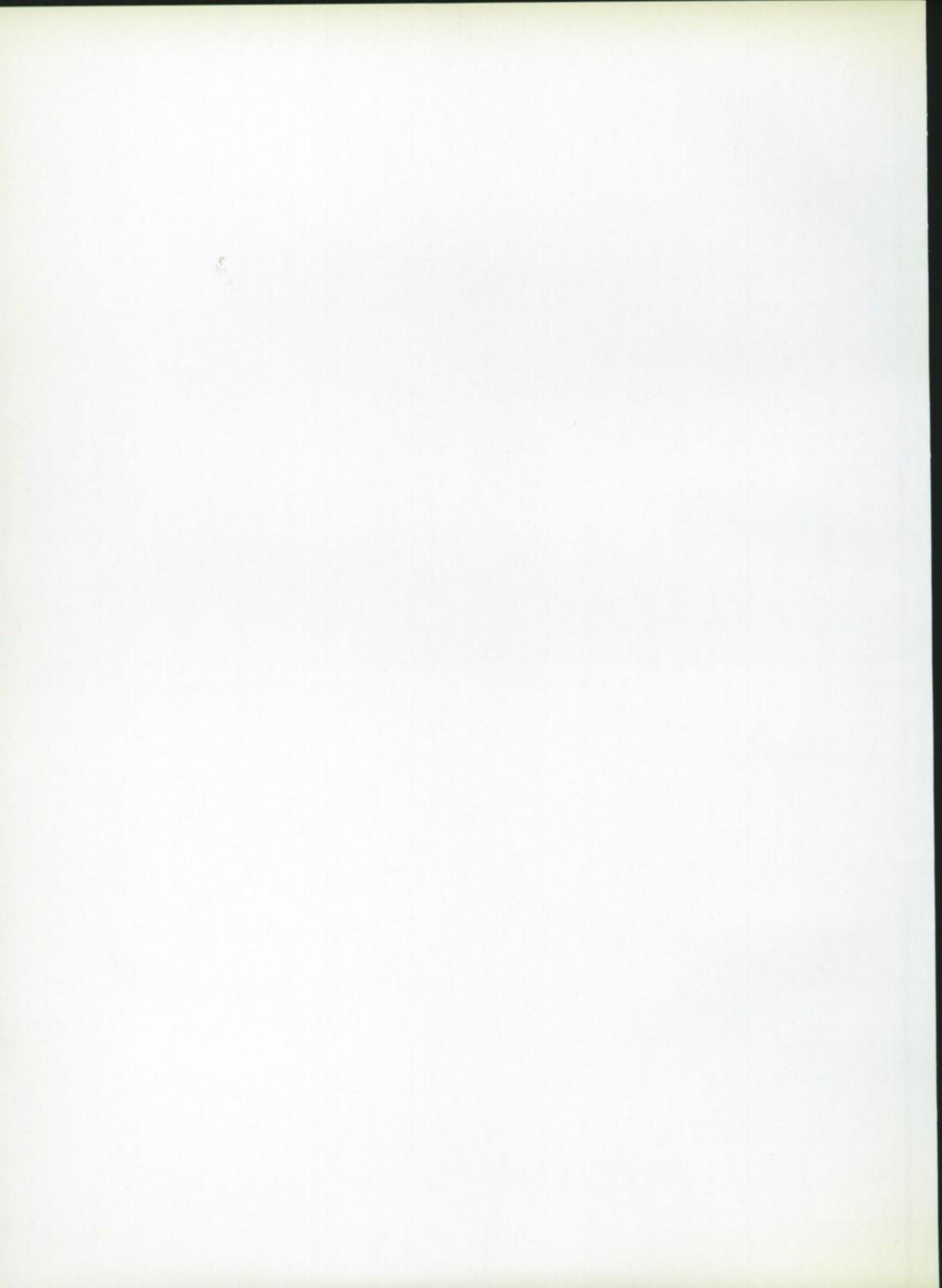


























William  
Alison D  
Kristin Shank  
Phillip S. Jernette  
Lod Roney  
Matesha  
Christopher R  
Stephanie R

Wendy B.H.

Natalia Taberi Fried

LOREN  
ROBINSON

Victor R

Jozey Changar

Michele Markowitz

Amy Williams  
Carla  
Kendall  
Thomas

Martinez

Cecilia A.



Levin  
in

Sasha Levine  
Alison Dilling  
William

Christopher

John Decker

Dana Parks

Michele Schwartz  
Sara

Tom

Sarah Hillen  
McDonald

Jennifer Webb

David Limon

Hadley Hudson

Justin McVay Carpenter

David Luter

Dinner



